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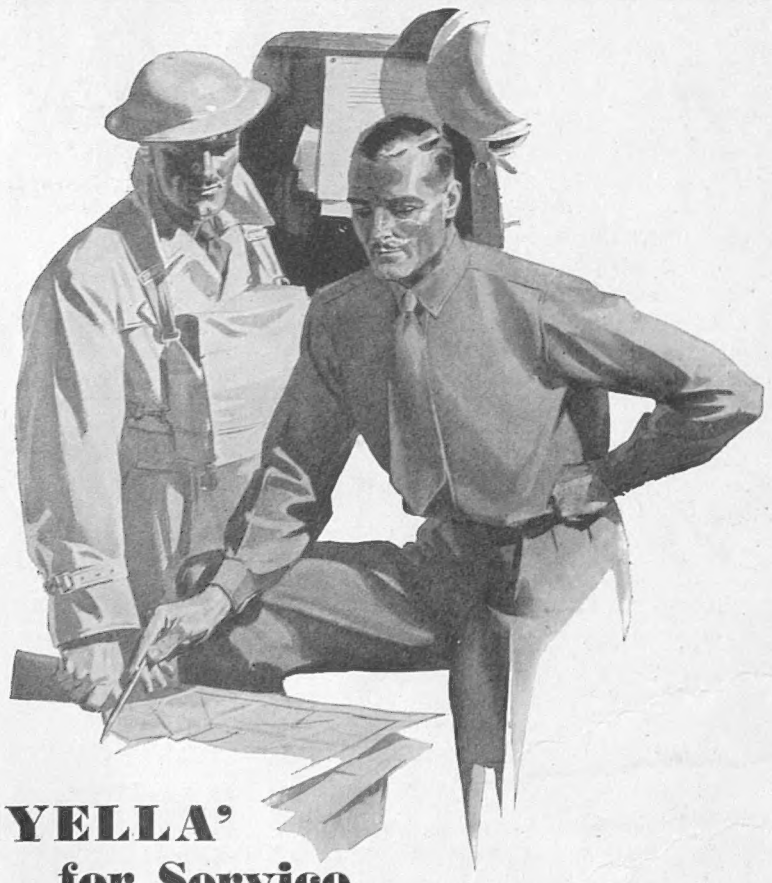

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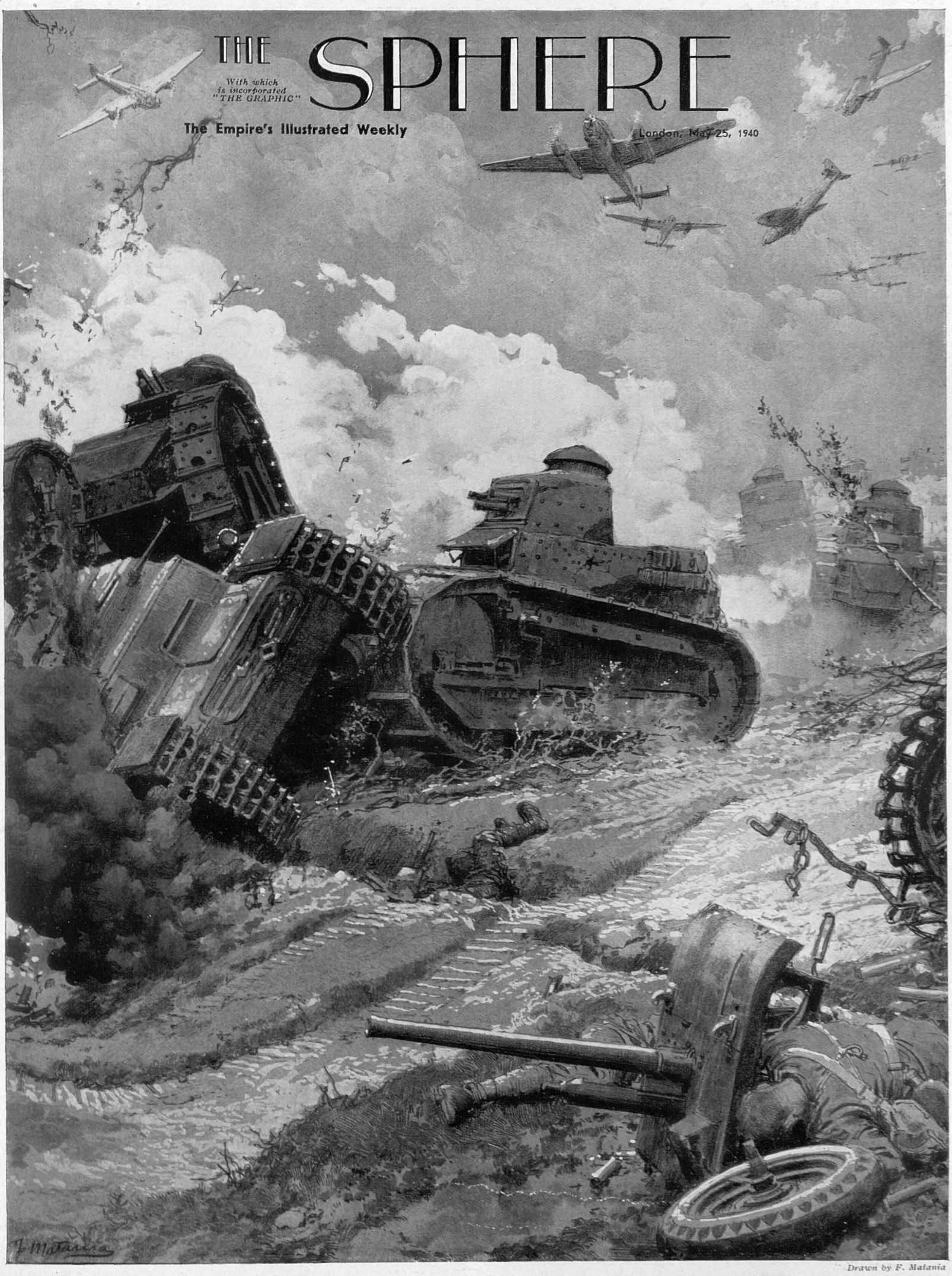
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 25, 1940



Drawn by F. Matania

THE BATTLE of the TANKS

THE FIRST ONSLAUGHT OF THE GERMAN ATTACK

When Steel Met Steel With Resounding Fury

When on Tuesday of last week the Germans launched their steel-clad assault on the French lines, it was met with fierce opposition by the French tank groups which were close to the point of attack. This led to one of the most stupendous conflicts which modern mechanised warfare can produce. Tank met tank in direct assault with a rending clamour which shook earth and air. The German spearhead was heavily armed and it is this which enabled the enemy to press on into northern France, lighter tanks, lorries, and armed cyclists following. Gradually the French massed their opposition in front of the invader and a battle ensued which took on the qualities of a mêlée, with Paris and the coast as the enemy's objectives

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. XXXVIII

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

COURAGE—AND FAITH: THE FRENCH FRONT.—

For eight months the French High Command enjoyed an opportunity which probably never before came to any commanders in the field. They have been able to study in comparative peace every acre of their own soil on which they confidently expected a world's decisive battle would be fought and to prepare against it with the very troops—perpetually available for instruction—which would take part in it. For generations the excellence of the French in the higher strategy of war has been recognised, and there is no reason to think that in the last years, when the shadow of Hitler and certainty lay over France, that science, bred of vast experience, has been suffered to atrophy. The Nazis have gained much ground. They sprang a surprise indeed in the completeness of their gamble for a lightning stroke. But it is inconceivable that the French High Command has not visualised the possibility of the present situation and has not prepared counter-strokes to meet it at the psychological moment.

One of the decisive battles of the world is being fought for Belgium, as a century and a quarter ago at much the same time of year it was fought. Then world armies met and settled the issue in a day; to-day, a week takes the place of an hour. But men still control the machines which have replaced the horses and horse-drawn vehicles, and the limitations of human beings still require that there come pauses, still bring advances to a halt. Once before in front of Brussels, a world dictator met his fate. Napoleon was judged a phenomenon which would never find a peer. He died a pinchbeck superman, ever seeking to justify his crimes and his mistakes, ever concerned with petty pinpricks and personal vanities.

COUNT ALFRED VON SCHLIEFFEN, AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS PLAN OF 1914 AND OF TO-DAY: Students of the campaigns of 1914 and of 1940 will often have noticed references to the Schlieffen Plan, by which France and the Western Powers were to be conquered. Here is the author of the Plan, who fought in the wars of 1866 and 1870 and who, from 1890 to 1907, was Chief of the German General Staff. In this latter capacity he worked out and wrote down in his *Gesammelte Schriften* of 1913 the strategy which Germany should use in the event of a European war. The essence of this plan of attack is to avoid battering at the enemy's front door—instead of this a dash is made for a side entrance with the object of forcing the opposing army to fight on a reversed front. Hence the invasion of Belgium in 1914 and the invasion of Holland and Belgium in the present war. Count von Schlieffen died in January, 1913, and thus was unable to witness the failure of his theory in the last war. And—let us hope—in this!

BLOOD, TOIL AND SWEAT.—

Blood, toil and sweat are the portion for all peoples in Europe. As the sun shone down on a world of blossom and beauty in a blue and serene summer sky, the monstrous, impossible fact challenged acceptance. Torn from their homes, separated from their children, twice, nay thrice, in a generation, the Belgian civilian population is taking once more the via dolo-rosa of the refugee, and Satan's angels rain death on them from above. To us who saw them on that road in the years of the last war, the sufferings of Norway and Holland, even of Poland and Czechoslovakia, seem less terrible in the face of such suffering so often inflicted by the same brutal tyrant and neighbour. There is a point beyond which sympathy, and imagination, cannot, dare not, go—the boundary between sanity and madness. We live in a dream—a nightmare—and our hearts are hardened. And it is better so. Until the end is attained, there is nothing to plan for, nothing to think of, nothing to dissipate our energy and resolve. Blood, toil and sweat—and a terrible unity in hatred of a common and deadly enemy.

"AND THEN THERE WERE THREE."—

In those "quiet," academic days of last winter when men discussed America's great part in world settlement, I prophesied that, before the summer was over, the bitter feeling always bred by war might make it difficult for the Allies to sit back and lick their wounds, while America arranged a brave new world, wherein Germans and all other races would amicably share the earth's resources. The summer is young, but already it is difficult to conceive a final reckoning and redistribution in whose terms America, Italy and Sweden would play leading roles. It was Germany's disregard of the rules of war and the conventions of humanity that put the vengeance into the Peace Treaty in 1920. And to-day, every hour of the day, they turn men by their actions further from God, further from forgiveness, further from mercy and vision. To-day America still thinks and talks in terms of a vanished world. Still for most Americans the big battle is a domestic and political one—the glorious clash of Republican with Democratic. Still their Canutes believe that if they sit on the shore and glorify their star, somehow the raging waves will stop short at their feet. Still Italy waits and watches, weighs the pros and cons, balancing the latest German boasts against the risks of encircling herself and dividing herself from her new empire. One day, I hope, Virgilio Gayda will answer to God and man for his crimes. And still Sweden supplies Germany with the sinews of war for the enslavement of small nations.

A CHANGED WORLD.—

So swift of late has been the march of events, so tremendous the access of determination and solidarity that ideas contained in letters to the Press, read on the day of publication like prehistoric peeps, which yesterday were live notions widely held. All who think at all must reflect on the tremendous psychological change which came over the world on the morning of May 10, 1940. That day it was made very clear that God might soon get bored with Herr Hitler and even neutral nations took a clear hint from on High. Consider England first. It was not the Norwegian withdrawal, nor the debate upon it, which knocked our remaining foot out of the old world, and planted us solidly as a nation in the new realistic world of hard facts. It was Hitler's invasion of the Low Countries. The debate, in that brief interlude between its division and Hitler's new aggression, left us still torn with party bitterness, still playing party chess in a room whose foundations were mined. A few hours later, almost every political sentiment expressed in that debate had become an outworn shibboleth. If the speakers had time to read Hansard, their words spoken on May 8 or 9 would seem to them the opinions of strangers, of beings from another age or planet. Hitler struck, believing (as did the German leaders in July, 1914) that Britain was torn by internal dissension; and he rallied and shook out Britain once more as nothing else could have done. The tragic cockpit of Europe has been Germany's grave once in history. It will be so again. Hitler struck once more and Hitler saved Britain and France, and I think the Balkan States, from the insanity and folly of false optimism.

A UNITED AND FIGHTING CABINET.—

While the fog of war lifts and descends on the last great battle in the west, we may turn to examine Mr. Churchill's War Cabinet and first Administration. Clearly its bones and beak are composed of staunch Socialists with Labour solid behind them, and fighting, Nazi-hating Conservatives. Hitler has brought back into the British Government in key positions every one of his proscribed "enemies of Germany." Churchill, Eden, Lloyd, Duff Cooper. If any Englishman has the qualities to meet Goebbels (in all save mendacity), he should be Mr. Duff Cooper. The intensity of hate is matched, the brilliant turn of phrase is far surpassed, the ruthlessness will not fall short. But even now let us hope the vitriol tap will be rationed and words used, not in a stream but in effective rushes at apt junctures. Mr. Duff Cooper is not a bore and doesn't wish to earn that name. God send that he cuts down the denials of German lies and takes a less serious view of the vital necessity for telling the neutrals to-day that Hitler is not altogether trustworthy. There are no neutrals in Europe, and no human virtues in Germany. And Lord Lloyd is a strong man, armed with wide experience of the Empire, a fighter pre-eminently and glorying in his return to the arena. Of the key posts four are in Socialist hands and well filled. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Greenwood are of the Big Five, Mr. Morrison is Minister of Supply, and Mr. Alexander First Lord of the Admiralty. Sir Kingsley Wood takes over Sir John Simon's office and budget and, I daresay, must make of it a changed thing. The "fighting" back-benchers of all parties have been remembered also—their revolts have been justified by appointments to minor posts in an administration which looks like being that rare thing, a Coalition which is truly united in one purpose, and a war-time Government which is prepared to match the enemy in relentless determination and to lead with bared teeth and fists. In this awful hour we have a strong and well-combined team; and those Nazis shall not pass. . . . There will be news of reverses in plenty—rumours of disaster will fly about. The position is already as grave and anxious as can be. But take heart. Remember 1914. There was no Maginot Line then. Belgium was completely in enemy hands. The German armies were at the gates of Paris. The Allies had suffered a million casualties and both the Governments of France and England were already losing public confidence. There is one lesson learned and remembered by amateur strategists and dugouts of the late war; in these thrusts forward by huge armies, a point always comes when supply cannot keep up with the pace of the advance. Communications break down or are cut and the advance halts panting. So it was at the Marne, so in April, 1918. No miracle, but hard facts. If our hearts are breaking with personal loss and intense anxiety for our nearest and dearest, those hearts grow every hour firmer in purpose, more steeled in resolution. There is only one way—there never will be an alternative way—in war. You can only slog on in a battle of destruction, of human blood and treasure, of the forged weapons of war. The cost to us so far has been grievous, the cost to the Nazis has been thrice as expensive. They started better equipped in all departments, treachery gave them everywhere the initiative. But they lack our resources, they are eating up their reserves in petrol and machines and guns and already they are throwing half-trained boys into the air war. We know now how severe a jolt the great R.A.F. raid on communications in Germany gave to the Nazis. The inevitable check will come and may come sooner than we believe. Courage and patience!

THANK YOU TO GARDEN-VISITORS.—

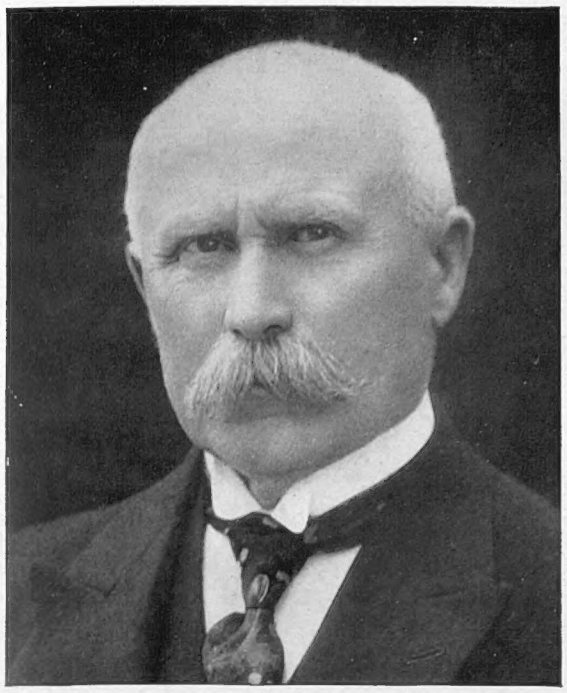
Help for district nursing is not one of the war-time economy-cuts that decent folk make. Its needs are urgent. So those who had planned to open their gardens did not cancel, but expected little response. In my case, the result was a wonderful and heartening surprise. Nearly 100 people came and paid (many refusing small change) and of the total between thirty and forty announced that they came in response to last week's hint (or cadge) in THE SPHERE. I can only thank them heartily and tell them how great was my pleasure in making the acquaintance (in a scene of sanity, peace and beauty) of some of the readers of the *Newsletter* who have borne so long and patiently the affliction of my journalism. I hope that in happier times we may grow better acquainted. Meanwhile, they and good natured neighbours helped two small gardens to send £5 to a noble cause.

A LETTER FROM AMERICA—WITHOUT COMMENTARY.

—"Dear Mr. 'Old Stager': As an admiring reader of your pages for several years I wish to thank you for your ironic, caustic, well merited remarks these past months about the attitude of my country. I am an American citizen who feels that we should be at war with you—I mean beside you. I am utterly ashamed of our smug, complacent attitude. The British Navy is to-day protecting us, its men dying for us. We talk endlessly about sympathy, about how we shall be needed at the peace table, etc., but we *do* nothing. We only collect a mere pittance of what should be raised for relief work. We hang over radios, we read newspapers but as a nation we seem quite content to let others fight for us and for all we believe in. I cannot understand it or explain it to you, but I am ashamed of my country's attitude and shall feel slightly better when I have told you of it. You have every reason to scorn us as hypocrites and I hope you will continue to do so."

THE OLD STAGER

Weygand Takes Command in France

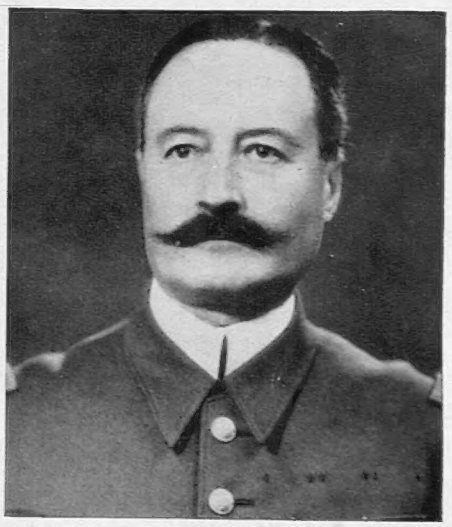


MARSHAL PETAIN RETURNS TO FRANCE: Eighty-four years old, Petain has been called back from Spain, where he was serving as French Ambassador, to act as vice-Premier of France. It was he who commanded the French Army at Verdun and held up the Germans until they were smashed. Afterwards, until the age of seventy-five, he was Inspector-General of the French Army and helped to map out the famous Maginot Line

GENERAL GEORGES, THE FRENCH COMMANDER IN THE NORTH-EAST: Sixty-five years old, and the son of a schoolmaster. During the last war he became a colonel; and later he took part in the Moroccan campaign and became General Commanding the Algerian Division. In 1934 he was with King Alexander of Yugoslavia when the latter was assassinated

"THE MAN WHO NEVER KNEW DEFEAT": General Weygand, the new French Generalissimo, was Chief of Staff and right-hand man of Marshal Foch, who brought victory to Allied arms in 1918. His record is an impressive one; apart from his contributions in the last war, he defeated the Bolsheviks within a month when they were actually at the gates of Warsaw. From 1931 to 1935 he was Commander-in-Chief of the French, handing over to Gamelin on reaching the age limit

GENERAL WEYGAND, NEW CHIEF OF THE FRENCH GENERAL STAFF AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN ALL THEATRES OF WAR: A picture taken with Lord Gort, British Commander-in-Chief, when he came over last year on a visit to Sandhurst. General Weygand was appointed to his new post after a dash to Paris by air from Syria, where he was in Command of the Allied Forces in the Near East. He is seventy-three years of age, and thus six years older than General Gamelin whom he replaces. It is reported that his appointment has delighted everyone in France. Brilliant as Gamelin was in defence, so is Weygand in offence—and, apparently, the French have decided that offence is to be the keynote from now on in the conduct of the war



REPORTED CAPTURED IN THE "BATTLE OF THE BULGE": General Henri Giraud, born in Paris in 1879. In August, 1914, he was wounded and taken prisoner but he subsequently escaped from Germany and, on returning to France, was put on the staff of the Fifth Army. He distinguished himself at the Fort of Malmaison In the Moroccan campaign which he led he was again wounded. Last year he was appointed to the Supreme War Council

A MAN OF GREAT COLONIAL EXPERIENCE: General Hunzinger who has seen service in Madagascar, Senegal, and the Sudan. As a captain he was stationed at Tonkin. In the last war he was awarded the Croix de Guerre when he held up the Germans at Mametz with only two companies of French infantry. He became a member of the Supreme War Council in May, 1938

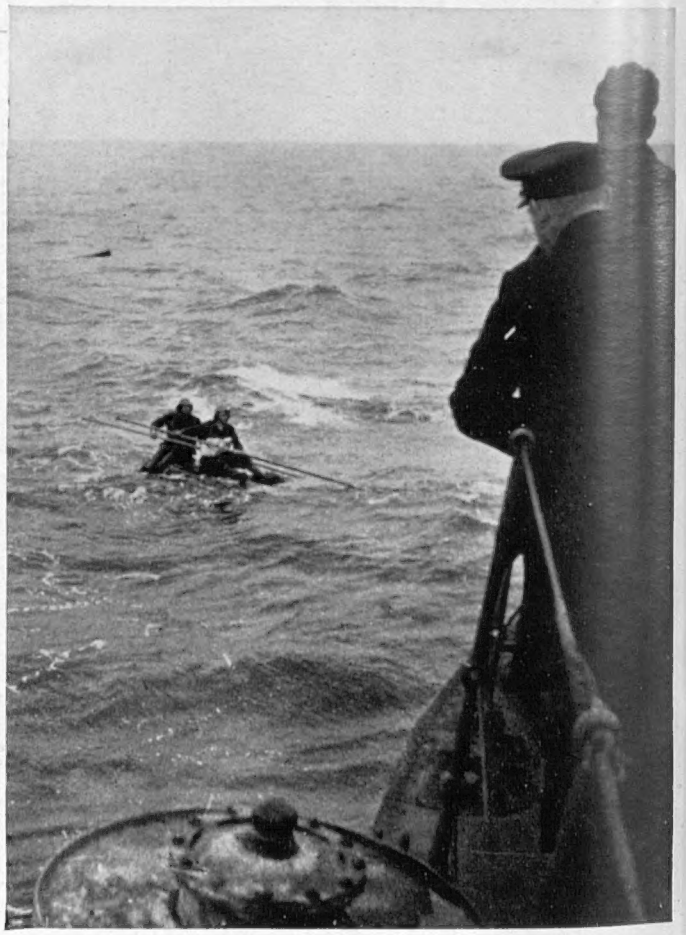
BELGIUM: Once Again Bearing the Brunt of War

BELGIAN MOTHERS AND CHILDREN AGAIN SUFFER all the fantastic ills brought about by modern warfare. In a moment, they are homeless and wandering forth, just hoping someone will take them in. In these circumstances, of course, their appeal is irresistible. Here in this spectacular picture, a mother is carrying one baby child, while its little brother and sister keep up with mother as best they can

THE ALLIED ARMIES FIGHT TOGETHER IN BELGIUM: All accounts bear witness to the dogged resistance being put up by the Belgian Army. The record of the forts of Liége and Namur is a stirring witness to the spirit moving the Belgian Army of 1940. Here in this village street a party of Belgian soldiers is resting by the side of the paved street, while British war lorries are passing by. For day after day this week they have been marching and fighting side by side

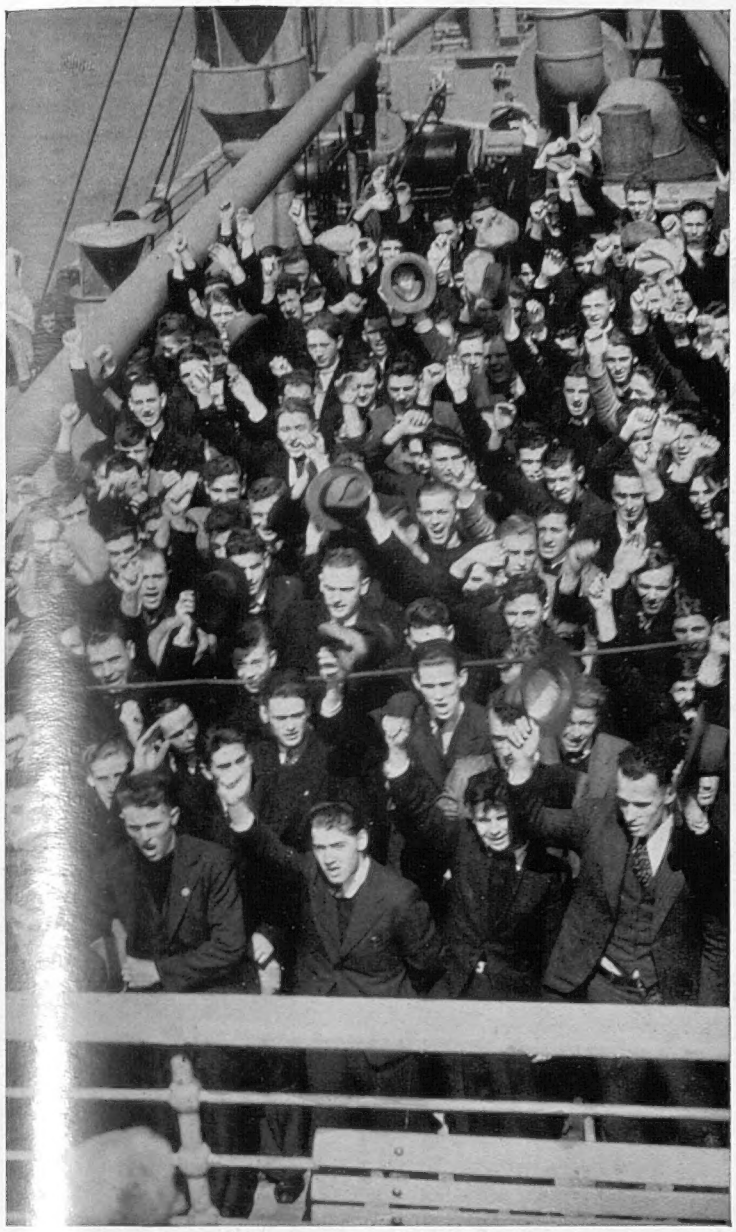
EMPIRE REINFORCE

MORE REINFORCEMENTS FROM AUSTRALIA ARRIVE IN EGYPT: The second contingent of the 2nd Australian Imperial Force landed a few days ago in Egypt to strengthen the force already gathered there. They were wearing the famous slouch hat of 1914-18

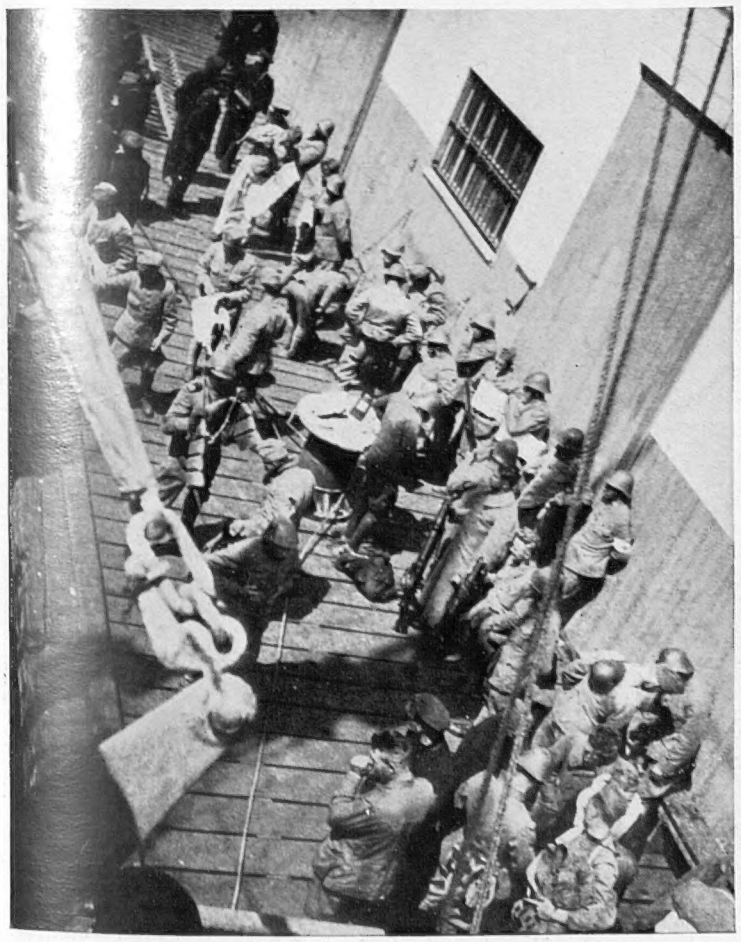


STEEL-HELMETED DUTCH SOLDIERS RESCUED FROM A RAFT: During the German attack on Holland the Navy felt the effect of the invading horde of bombers just as did the land. A Dutch warship was bombed and the men had to take to anything which would keep them afloat. Here are two on a tiny raft

MENTS : And the Rescue of Dutch Troops by the British Navy off Holland

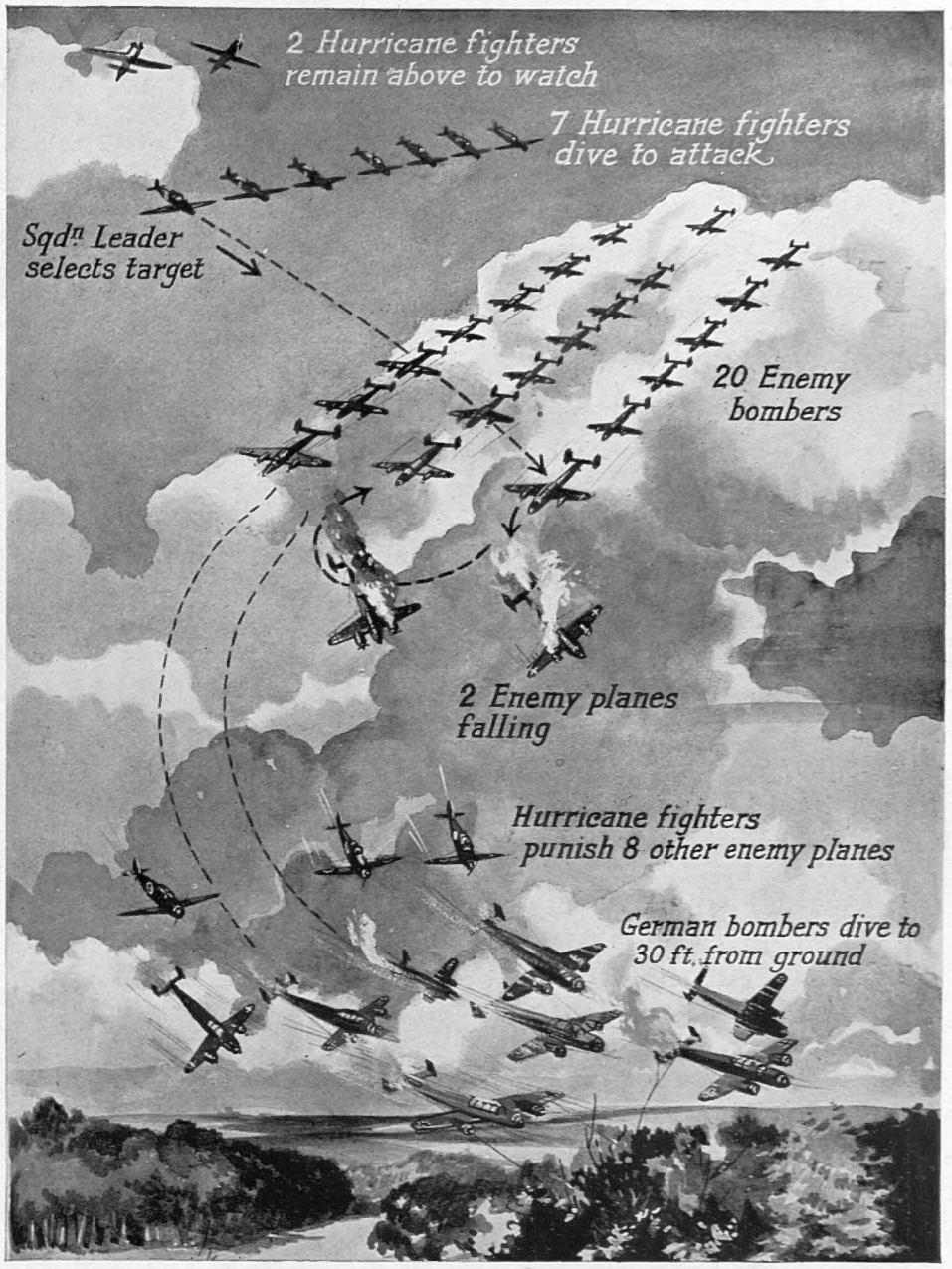


FRO NEWFOUNDLAND, TOO, THEY COME: A West Coast port rang with eers when strapping lads from Newfoundland arrived to join the yal Navy. The volunteers were met by the Trade Commissioner for wfoundland, Mr. D. James Davies, and the chief magistrate of the town



BRITISH NAVY RESCUE DUTCH TROOPS FROM THEIR BOMBED SHIP: When the Germans invaded Holland the British Navy did heroic work in rescuing survivors and troops despite heavy bombing by Nazi planes. These Dutch soldiers are here seen on the quayside of a Dutch port after they had been rescued by the British Navy

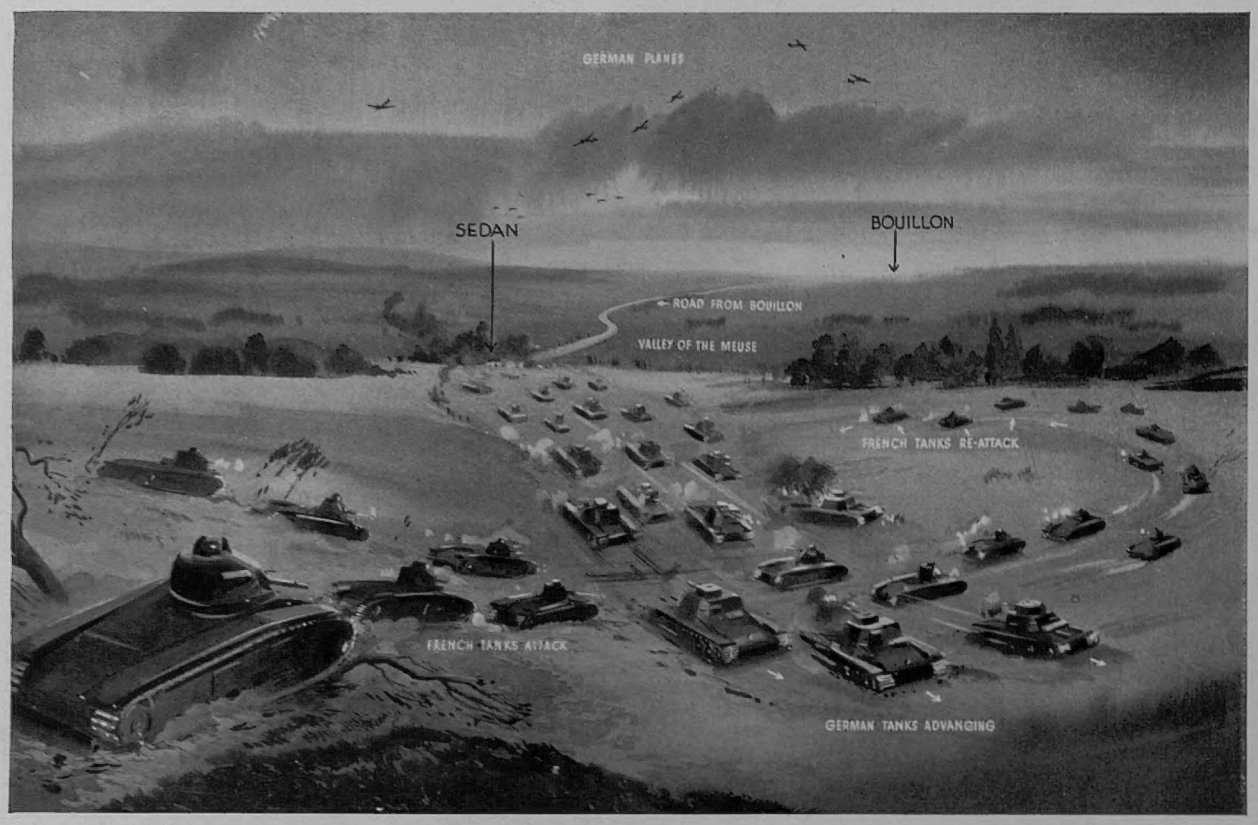
THE GALLANT R.A.F. In Action Day and Night



NINE HURRICANE FIGHTERS SHOOT DOWN TEN GERMAN JUNKERS 87 DIVE BOMBERS OVER FRANCE: Twenty enemy bombers were seen circling over a wood. The leading section of Hurricanes dived to the attack while two aircraft remained above on guard. The squadron leader led the first section, selected his quarry, and at once sent him down in flames. Immediately he swung on to a second and sent that crashing into the ground. The German bombers were swooping to within 30 ft. of the ground in their frantic efforts to avoid the British fighters. Ten in all were brought down. The German bombers were utterly routed. The disposition of the R.A.F. in the above drawing is diagrammatic and not meant to be actual

BACK FROM A MORNING OF BUSY FIGHTING: The C.O. (back to the camera) is asking his pilots how they have got on. Prominent in the picture is "Cobber" Kain, Britain's air ace

The BATTLE in BELG



HOW THE MASSED GERMAN TANK ATTACK BROKE THROUGH AT SEDAN: In this first of a series of three diagrams, the first impact of the German tanks is shown emerging from the deep valleys of the Belgian Ardennes country. The first news of this attack was published on Tuesday of last week, when it was evident that the Nazi main thrust was to be made against France and in a section of the frontier which was only lightly held. The French tanks available in the district behaved with great *elan* and counter-attacked, drove through the German mass, and, turning, charged again

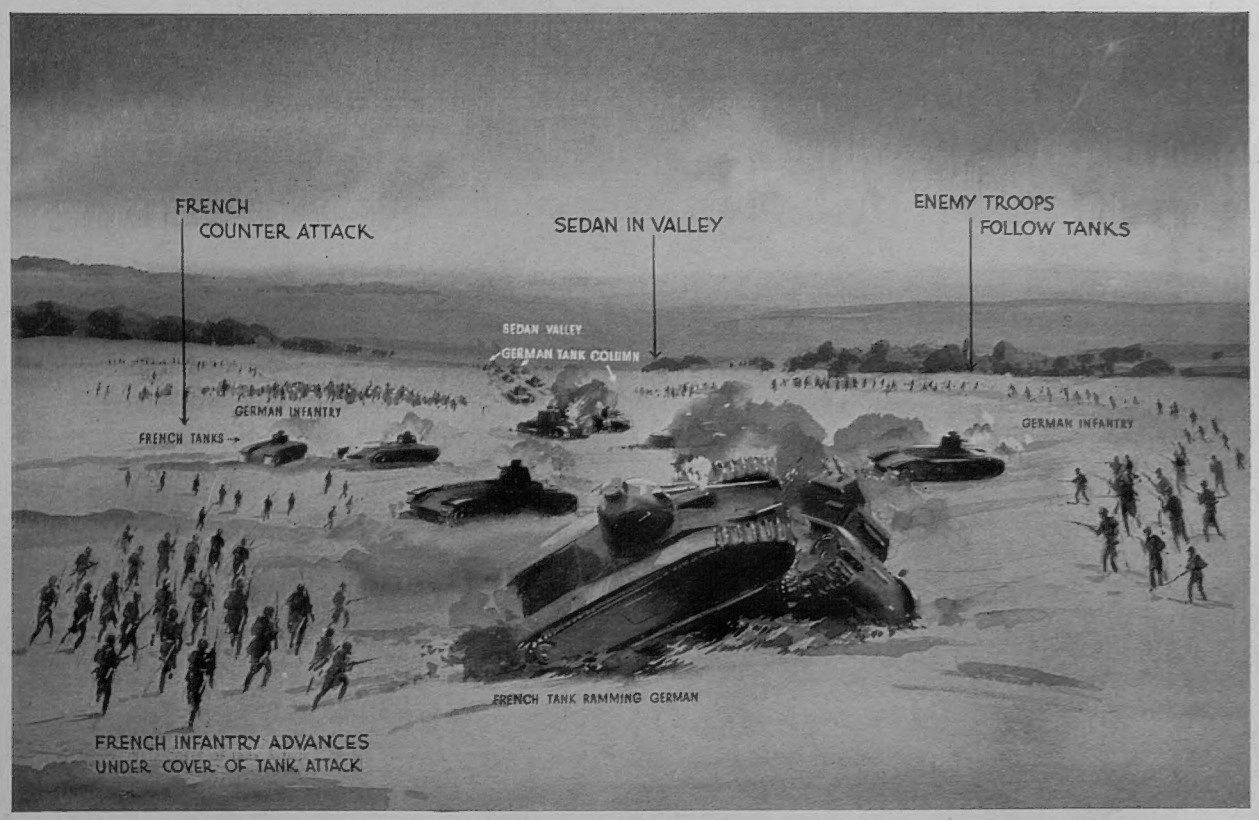
WHEN THE BURST THROUGH HAD BEEN COMPLETED: The stream of massed German tanks, although gallantly met by French resistance where possible, appeared in such numbers that they

THE FRENCH HEAVY TANKS MADE A GALLANT RESISTANCE: The French Army has recently specialised in devising types of heavy tank which were quite capable of meeting the German tank employed in the thrust of May 14. The enemy had not employed this type in Norway or elsewhere. No tank armour can, however, in all probability resist the 2-in. anti-tank gun

THE FRENCH TANKS: Here is one of the French tank drivers in a lighter type of tank which have also been rushed up to the counter-attack and the general melée to which the Prime Minister referred in his address to the nation on Sunday evening. Such a mêlée held possibilities very dangerous to the attacker as well as to the defender

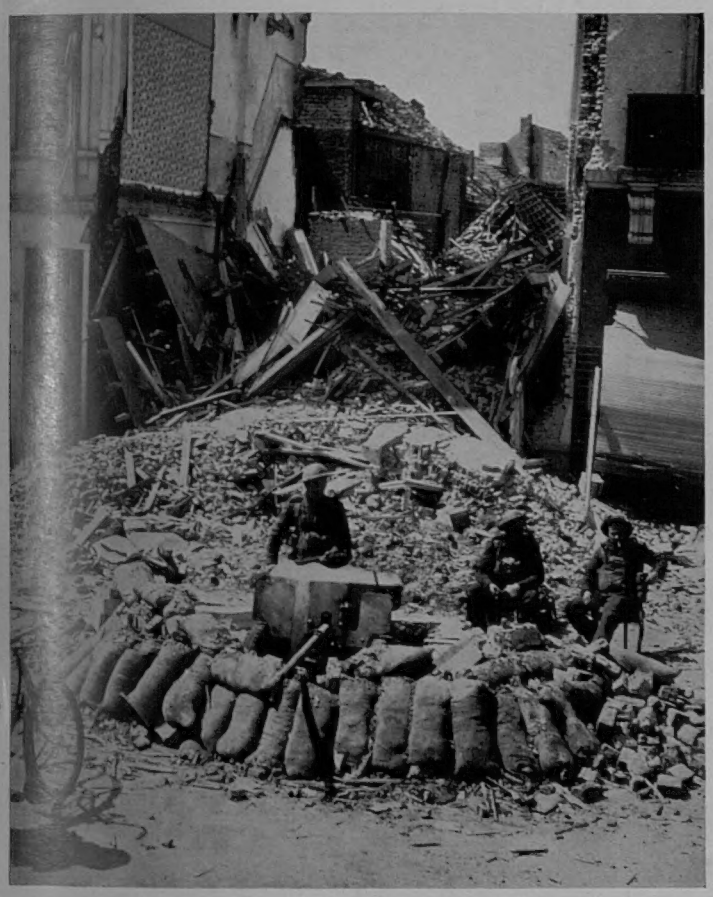
ON PATROL: This French patrol group standing ready to take up their task at the edge of the forest seem typical of the incessant watch and ward necessary when fronting the German forces wherever they may possibly gather for an attack. The enemy's central position makes this a paramount necessity

IUM and FRANCE



were able to spread out both southwards and westwards. They fanned out down every road and lane which was in front of them, guarding petrol lorries in their midst. Some enemy tanks were blown up by land mines

A SECOND PHASE OF THE TANK BREAK THROUGH: As soon as the German tanks had broken down the local resistance on the southern side of the Meuse valley overlooking Sedan, infantry began to follow, in order to consolidate the positions won. The French infantry following up, under the shelter of their own tanks, endeavoured to stem the attack from both sides of the opening. On the eastern side this appeared to be more or less successful. During the counter-attack and general mêlée to which the battle reports all referred, a French tank crashed into a German, overturning it



WITH THE B.E.F. IN LOUVAIN: On Wednesday of last week while the British troops were holding the city, a number of bombs were dropped and shells also fell on the famous University. Numbers of houses were completely demolished in residential streets. This British gun post is just outside such a demolition

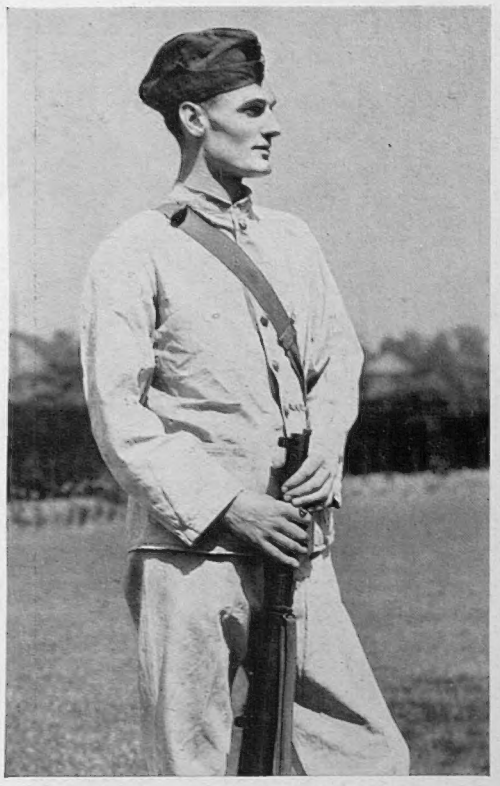
BRITISH ARMOURED CARS PASSING THROUGH LOUVAIN: The British forces repulsed the German attacks on the town and were "fussed" when told that they must retire because of the general withdrawal of the Allied line. They are described as having been a tower of strength both in the fighting line and in aiding the civil population. Their front, it was stated, had not been dented by enemy attack on any occasion

THE NIMBLE 75's WERE BROUGHT UP AGAINST THE GERMAN TANKS: To make sure of really penetrating the steel hides of the German horde of tanks, the French command rushed up great numbers of the famous quick-firing 75's, which did such excellent work in the Great War. They are once again proving their effectiveness

A CAR THROWN ON ITS SIDE BY A BOMB BLAST: Here is another corner of Louvain, where domestic dwellings have been knocked out by direct hits from Nazi bombers. The place had been practically emptied of inhabitants a few days before. The only people moving about in the deserted thoroughfares were members of the B.E.F. This is the second time within this generation's memory that Louvain has suffered the agonies of war and enemy occupation

THE HOME FRONT

Britain Stiffens Her Defences



SOON TO BE A FAMILIAR SIGHT: Uniforms for the Local Defence Corps, which has been raised to combat any possible attack by parachute, will soon be supplied to members

A HOT RECEPTION GUARANTEED TO HITLER'S PARACHUTISTS: While there can be no doubting the recklessness of the Nazi parachute troops, London is ready to receive them suitably should they come. Here is a machine-gun nest being constructed outside the Houses of Parliament under the approving gaze of passing Londoners who welcomed this sign of preparation against the enemy

WATCHERS OF THE SKIES: Soldiers posted on the summit of a famous beauty spot in the hills where the view extends for miles around

THE EAST COAST PREPARES: Scottish troops filling sand-bags and placing them in position to form a machine-gun post on the East Coast. Any attempted landings by German parachutists will be dealt with effectively by those defending the coasts of Britain

THE VILLAGE "PARASHOOTERS": Mr. Menzies Sharpe (left), the C.O. of the Local Defence Corps of the village of Newgate Street, Hertfordshire, chatting to A. J. Ballarby, a golf professional and now the sergeant

MUSTERED ON THE VILLAGE GREEN: Another picture of the Newgate Street Local Defence Corps where almost every man in the village volunteered for service. From their ranks the men could see the spot where the first Zeppelin of the last war was brought down and it is the ambition of these men to bring down the first of the parachutists should they pay us a visit

THE NEW MENACE from the AIR— THE PARACHUTE TROOPS

How the Idea Arose; the Training of the Men and Their Equipment; How They Operate in Actual Warfare

Described by
NOEL THOMPSON

IT is extraordinary how short a time it takes in modern warfare for a new form of tactics to change from a matter of seriousness for the few and of jest for the many into a question of vital importance for one and all.

In the last war, tanks were introduced hesitantly by the British by all except their few enthusiastic backers, and the Germans openly scoffed. But within a few days they had proved themselves, those curious unwieldy land whales, and the enemy were frantically working on plans to produce better tanks of their own. Even with their aptitude for copying and adapting, however, the Germans never caught up until too late.

In the same way the idea of dropping parachute troops behind the enemy lines was stolen from the Russians by the Germans, but in this case they had, since 1936, when the Russians held their first big manœuvres in this type of warfare, to work out their own schemes and to improve on Russian results.

People laughed at the Russians, and they seemed justified when the parachute troops in Finland were so quickly isolated and mopped up by the Finns. Even the Germans must have had their confidence shaken, whereas the truth was that the operation was badly planned, the country hopeless, and the men badly equipped.

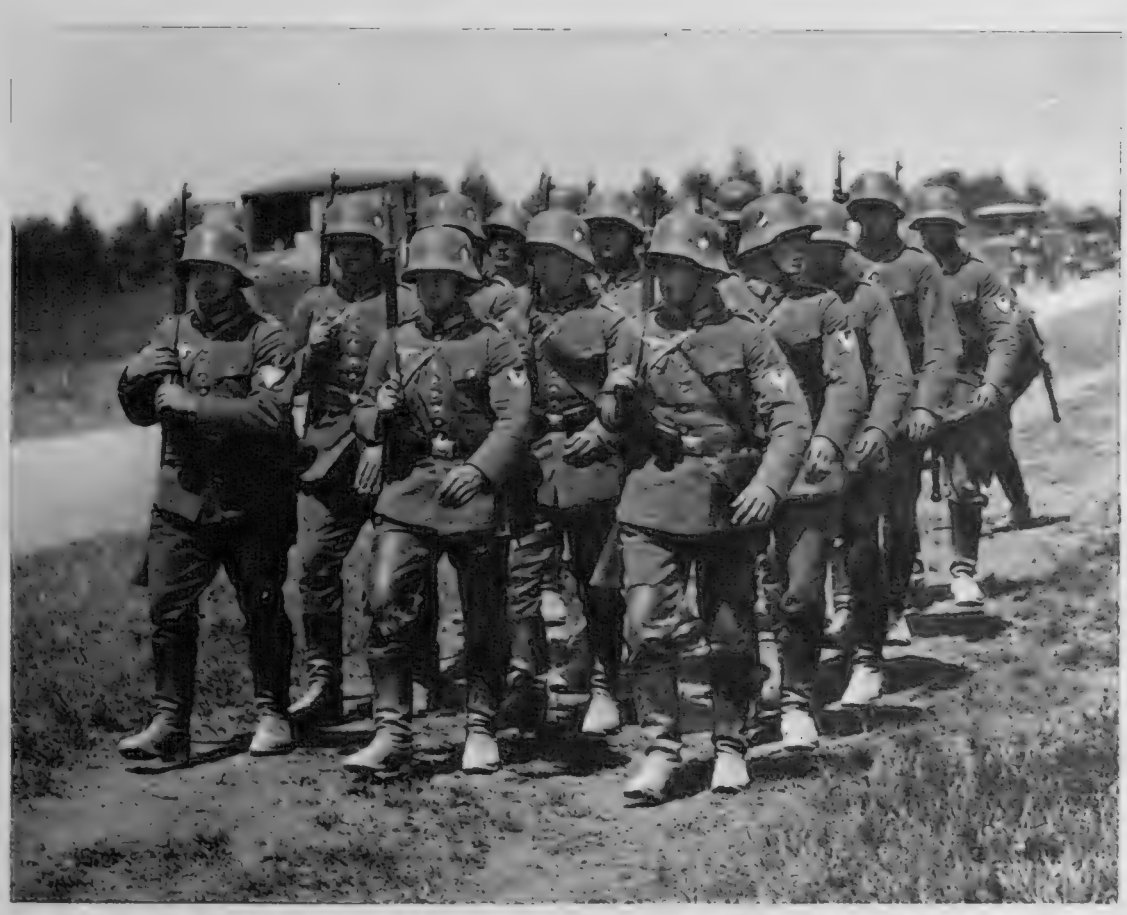
The parachute invasion of Norway did not make people think much more seriously. "In a sparsely populated country like that, of course, men can land unobserved, can sabotage railways and power stations, and cut communications. But they would have no chance in a fully prepared country," was the popular view.

It took exactly four days of these parachute tactics in densely populated Belgium, and in Holland, both prepared, to cause in Britain: An official warning to be published of the danger to this country; the Ministry of Home Defence to issue a notice to civilians on how the menace should be dealt with; a complete overhaul of our existing defences; the Minister for War, Mr. Anthony Eden, on his second day in office, to hasten to the microphone to broadcast an appeal for volunteers between seventeen and sixty-five immediately for the Local Defence Volunteer Corps; an offer from the National Union of Cyclists to mobilise at once between 20,000 and 30,000 members to patrol the countryside; and the British Legion to offer to organise defence, as well as something like 100,000 expert marksmen from rifle clubs, all over military age, to be suggested as a special corps.

In other words, four days sufficed to awaken the country and turn a mildly discussed joke into the serious topic of the moment. It took Anthony Eden, when the great round up of enemy aliens had been completed, to put the matter into perspective. He pointed out that for parachute troops to be landed in this country the enemy aeroplanes must first cross the coast and fly in the teeth of the anti-aircraft defences of the country, as must any supporting aeroplanes. In fact, while the danger to us existed, it must not be exaggerated. The success of parachute tactics depends on speed, and the method of defeating them must be prompt and rapid. That is why he had determined to leave nothing to chance and was asking for men for the Local Defence Volunteer Corps.

What, in brief, was the news from Holland and Belgium that caused this initial four days of frantic activity? At first, as the wiseacres expected, it appeared that the parachute troops had been quickly mopped up. But then it became known that they had captured and held Rotterdam Airport, and that reserves were being dropped everywhere in their hundreds, if not thousands. Disguised as women, they held up lorry drivers as though asking for a lift, and then shot them and commandeered the lorry; in Dutch, Belgian, French and British uniforms they caused confusion with ambushes for unsuspecting genuine Dutch and Belgian troops. It was reported that the water supply of Amsterdam had been tampered with.

So the stories of this incredible new form of warfare poured in, tales of men dressed as priests, nuns, red cross nurses, mingling unsuspected with city crowds and moving to the homes of sympathisers with whose names they had been provided in advance. In Belgium, codes had been written on advertising posters, giving instructions—the whole affair had been planned so carefully and elaborately that no wonder the British public wondered how we stood.



THIS LOOKS A COMPACT, MENACING BODY OF MEN—DOESN'T IT? It is a squad of fifteen heavily armed German soldiers with its commanding N.C.O. behind—making sixteen in all. Look at the impression of solidity and force it conveys. Not a pleasant company to meet in some lonely, sparsely-populated part of the country. Yet, in their invasion of Holland the Germans dropped between fifteen to twenty parachute troops from *each* aeroplane. One can readily visualise the striking power of such squads properly disciplined and officered; the damage they can do—even in isolated bodies such as this—must be considerable. Now imagine four or five of such parties joining up and operating in conjunction. That is the menace of the parachute troops as it has been demonstrated in Holland; and that is the menace which this country, and France, are taking steps to combat

What would be the tactics should Hitler determine to try them in this country? What should we have to look out for? In five days Holland had been forced to surrender largely through these behind-the-line tactics. Could it happen here?

Well, I have just been talking with a very knowledgeable English friend of mine who was one of the last people out of Holland. In pre-war days one of his close friends in Germany was a parachute jumper. They were chosen because of their physical fitness and physique from the cream of athletes, motor-racers, airmen, mechanics. All of them were trained in explosives, rifle and machine-gun drill, in the driving of any mechanised vehicle, and many of them as pilots. That was Hitler's ideal. A year before the war there were three regiments of them—nearly a division.

Whatever dress they might wear they would have crash helmets and carry, according to the task allotted to them, a selection of the following: Folding bicycle with very small wheels to enable them to congregate and move quickly, an entrenching tool for burying the parachute if they have landed unobserved, a small wireless receiving set to keep in touch with the leaders, a sub-machine gun, hand grenades, rations, water bottle, binoculars, gas mask, explosives, fuse, and detonators. The total weight is in the neighbourhood of 100 lb.

From reconstructed maps every man will have been taught his way about the district in which he lands. He would be transported in a Junkers 90, 86, or 52, converted civil air liners carrying respectively thirty-five fully-equipped troops at a top speed of 240 m.p.h. (Junkers 90), twelve men at a top speed of 230 m.p.h. (Junkers 86), or fourteen men at a top speed of 184 m.p.h. (Junkers 52). In order to ensure accuracy they would be dropped from between 2,000 and 1,000 ft. Their rate of fall once the parachute has opened is 16 ft. a second, which means that within two minutes of leaving the plane they should all be on the ground, which does not allow of much time for spotting. In fact, they do not even use camouflaged parachutes of blue or grey, but the standard affairs, very slightly off-white.

Landing, especially in the dusk or dark, is a tricky affair. Apart from the forward drift, the rate of fall is equivalent to jumping from the ninth rung of a ladder, which, when the ground is not distinct and you are carrying six or seven stone of equipment, must involve a percentage of sprained ankles and broken limbs.

Within fifteen minutes at most, forty or fifty fully-armed and determined men should be together and moving off to their objective, an isolated aerodrome which they hope to seize and hold for two hours until their big relief fleet of bombers can arrive; the power station to be blown up; the railway junction to be disorganised; the viaduct to be mined. Could our defences work fast enough to catch them first? If our defences are "prompt and rapid" enough, yes, certainly on the outskirts of big cities, say the experts.

If they came in big waves, up and down the country, could they dissipate our defences so that at least some of this suicide squad of invaders were, if not undiscovered, at least left alone long enough to do the damage they set out to do? Possibly, for a short while. It happened in Holland.

It must be remembered, however, that that unfortunate country's defences and air force cannot be compared with ours. The troop-carrying aeroplanes might be able to penetrate without being brought down in the dark, but they must fly low to find their objective. Searchlights, anti-aircraft fire and fighters would be after them as they tried to drop their men; could our ground defences move quickly enough to catch them in a broad stretch of countryside in the dark, or mobilise enough troops and civilians to guard the area and isolate it till daylight? That is what the Ministry of Home Security, the Air Ministry, and the War Office are planning at the moment. It is a phase of war in which the civilians can really play a part.

Note that the worst thing the isolated individual can do is the impulsive act, to rush for a gun or rifle and try to engage in a fight. Telephone the nearest police or officials first before the parachute troops can perform their first obvious act, which is to cut all available telephone wires in view. While it is your duty to report at once, it may well be that assistance is already on the way, and then is the time to join in. For twelve months our unknown and little heralded Observer Corps has been on duty twenty-four hours a day spotting and reporting all aeroplanes, friendly or foreign, and amazingly successful they have been, so that there is little need to worry beyond keeping the Boy Scout motto always in mind, "Be Prepared."

There is one more point. How many of these troops can Hitler provide? With his complete disregard of human life he could fill aeroplanes with half-trained men, but a half-trained man is only half the danger. If Hitler decides to make the attempt on England he will find himself up against the finest anti-aircraft defences and the finest air force in the world. And this is probably the answer that Holland has taught us, which is to "get them in the air."

ONE OF THE FIRST TOWNS TO FEEL THE GERMAN BLOW: Nancy, the historic town, in the latitude of Strasbourg, was bombed within a few hours of the initial German thrusts. A party of soldiers assisted in the work of clearing the debris of a fallen house from the roadway. *Below* is another view in Nancy after the German bombers had passed

A widespread bombing raid was made on France during the opening hours of the German thrust. Not only military and non-military aerodromes, railway stations, workshops and mines were attacked, but also civilian centres. Among the places attacked were Bethune, Choques, Lens, Dunkirk, Nancy, Hazebrouck, Calais, Abbeville, Doulens, Albert and Lyons. Forty-four German planes were brought down on French territory. R.A.F. aerodromes in France were also bombed, but little damage was done and no lives were lost. This type of widespread raiding was not continued in the same measure for several days. Possibly the necessity for concentration in support of the military drives prevented this

AT MERY-SUR-OISE: The dropping of the bombs by the marauding Germans seemed, in many cases, to lack any definite military objective. Bombs fell in villages, inflicting the kind of damage shown in the picture above. This building was unfortunate enough to receive a direct hit and consequently has suffered much damage

In the Fighting Zone of France

Scenes With the French Army in Luxembourg and in Some of the Bombed French Towns

THE FRENCH ARMY ADVANCES IN LUXEMBOURG—With every respect for the sanctity of international usage, the French Army did not advance into Luxembourg until after the Germans had violated the Eastern frontier of the Duchy. The active preparations of the enemy were known, but no forward movement was made until the situation warranted it. These two pictures were obtained on the first day of the German thrust

CHURCHES HAVE BEEN BOMBED IN VARIOUS PARTS OF FRANCE: In this case, although the building was very severely damaged, the statue group has come out practically unscathed

IN FRONT OF THE MAGINOT LINE An elaborate series of advanced works had been constructed by the French and these have been held all through the waiting months. A small part of this advanced system felt the full force of the German blow last week and was put thoroughly to the test

On Saturday, May 18, three further cases of bombing were reported. Two hospitals at Chalons-sur-Marne were destroyed by German incendiary bombs. Part of Vitry le Francois, south-east of Chalons, was set on fire following the dropping of incendiary bombs. On Friday (May 17) a German bomber retreating from Paris dropped its bombs while flying over the region of Mantes without casualties

HURRYING TO A NEW POSITION ON THE WESTERN FRONT A party of French armed motor cyclists are here seen snorting their way through a village in the fighting zone of north-east France. Each cycle bears a big identification number

FIRST THE ADVANCED LINE with its Deserted Villages, and then the MIGHTY MAGINOT LINE

A DESERTED VILLAGE IN FRONT OF THE MAGINOT LINE: One of the strangest strips of country to be found anywhere is the narrow zone extending down the eastern face of the Maginot Line, and forming its first line of advanced defence. Here will be found continuous lines of positions held by picked French troops

A STRICKEN VILLAGE IN THE MAGINOT FRONTAL ZONE: THE DESTRUCTION WROUGHT HERE HAS BEEN CAUSED BY SHELLS, NOT BY BOMBS. IT WAS SHELL FIRE WHICH IN THE LAST WAR REDUCED VILLAGES TO PILES OF BRICKS; IT IS ONLY RECENTLY THAT THE AIR ARM HAS SOUGHT TO TAKE OVER THIS FUNCTION

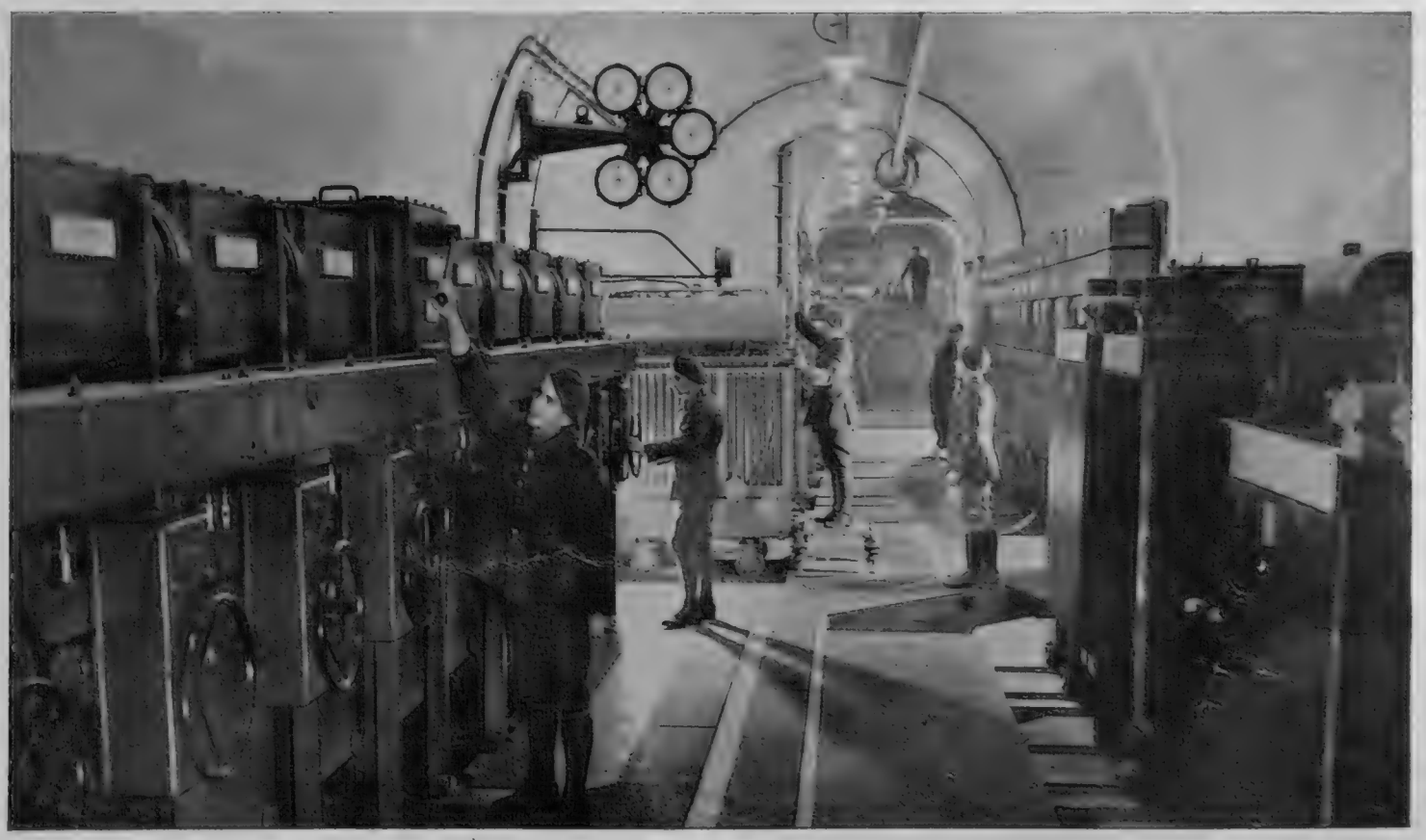
ALONG DESERTED ROADS IN THE AREA IN FRONT OF THE GREAT LINE MAY BE FOUND NEWLY FELLED TREES LYING ACROSS THE ROAD IN THIS FASHION. *Below*—THE BROKEN BRIDGE IN A DESERTED VILLAGE

REMOVING USEFUL PIECES OF FURNITURE FROM A HOUSE IN FRONT OF THE LINE: THE HOUSE HAS SUFFERED A SHOT RIGHT THROUGH IT. THESE VILLAGES AND DEFENSIVE REGIONS WOULD FIRST HAVE TO BE OCCUPIED BY ENEMY FORCES BEFORE ANY FRONTAL ASSAULT COULD BE MADE ON THE GREAT MAGINOT LINE ITSELF

IN ONE OF THE LIGHTER CONCRETE PROTECTIONS OF THE WESTERN LINE

LOOKING OUT OVER THE STRANGE NO-MAN'S-LAND OF THE WESTERN FRONT: FRENCH TROOPS WATCHING A WIDE STRETCH OF COUNTRY. THE CONQUEST OF THESE OUTPOSTS—EVEN IF THE ENEMY DOES CONQUER THEM—WOULD BE QUITE A DIFFERENT MATTER FROM THE CONQUEST OF THE MAGINOT LINE ITSELF

It is not generally realised that in front of the Maginot Line there is a fairly wide strip of territory extending down its entire length from the Meuse to the Rhine, which is held by advanced posts of varying strength. Within this area are a number of townlets, villages and hamlets which have for eight months been entirely evacuated by the inhabitants, their flocks and herds. Silence has reigned in them, except for the occasional whining of a shell overhead or when, still more occasionally, one has crumped down into a farmhouse or church. Patrols have gone out from the advanced positions, in order to guard against any surprise by the enemy. Fighting has actually taken place in the deserted rooms of these ghostly villages. But the task of guarding the mighty Maginot Line has been very necessary. Both French and enemy newspapers have recorded acts of special daring which have taken place during this patrol work



AND BEHIND THE ADVANCED POSITIONS ALREADY PICTURED THERE LIES THE GIGANTIC STRUCTURE OF THE MAGINOT LINE WITH ITS VAST TUNNELS RUNNING MILE UPON MILE FROM STRASBOURG TO LONGWY. THIS UNDERGROUND POWER STATION GIVES ONE A GOOD IMPRESSION OF THE COMPLEXITY OF THE INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS BUILT DEEP BENEATH THE SURFACE

THE TANK in ACTION on the WEST FRONT

As a result of the invasion of Belgium the tank has once more come into the news—and in a very big way. It is known that hundreds, even thousands, of these land battleships are now in action: the Germans are using them as the spearhead of attack. But—the French claim that their tanks are as powerful and as numerous. The pictures reproduced here give some slight impression of the might of these monsters. The concentration seen on the right, for instance, with its heavy weight of solid steel, cannot fail to inspire the utmost confidence. Note, in particular, the huge cannon with which these tanks are now armed

MASSED FRENCH TANKS ON THEIR WAY INTO ACTION: A striking picture which gives an excellent idea of how modern warfare is being waged to-day. Masses of these armed juggernauts are now leading the advance of the infantry, in place of the human "thin red lines" of other days. In the earlier stages of the war in Belgium it was stated that nearly 2,000 of these tanks were engaged in a mammoth struggle in one sector alone

MOVING UP ACROSS DEEPLY RUTTED COUNTRY: These French land cruisers are now proving their value in actual combat on the Western Front. In the last war the tanks then employed were but very crude machines compared with the brilliantly thought-out detail and heavy armament of these massive tanks of to-day

EACH BATTLE-CRUISER NUMBERED AND NAMED: Another picture of French *chars d'assaut* on the Western Front. It is by means of monsters similar to these that the Germans were able to subdue Poland and Holland; but in those countries there was little opposition. To-day in Belgium and France where battle has been joined the situation is different—here tank is being met by tank, and attack by counter-attack

The PITIFUL TREK from the NAZIS in BELGIUM

Through the towns wander the processions of people, trekking from the enemy at their gates . . . with bicycles and on foot they keep to the pavements, for there is busy traffic on the road. *On left*—An old Belgian woman being led away from her wrecked home by a British soldier

The trek from the German invader began to be recorded in the middle of last week. It set out from various places, growing in volume as time progressed. The urge to move away from the very presence of the Hun affected all grades of society. Peasants with their farm carts loaded with what few worldly goods they could pack on to the creaking vehicles passed in dusty procession. Frequently there would be carts packed with generations of the same family, grandmère, with face wrinkled like an old apple, nursing a little girl, while mothers and daughters clung to such parcels as they could wedge into the limited space; bicycles innumerable, with the owner carrying a big bundle on his back; old cabs which had not seen the road for many a day were out in the melancholy procession. Then a group of better-class children, evidently from a little town, would appear, neatly dressed, and all helping with bundles and blankets. "I passed many thousands of refugees," writes one correspondent from the Louvain district, "in a few miles on one side road alone. The scarlet woollen blankets which almost one in five carried gave a garish touch to the scene. When planes flew overhead a few refugees raised tired eyes to see whether it was friend or foe. The distant grumble of the heavy guns from the great battle raging only a few miles away left them equally unmoved as they walked like automata. Almost all their worldly belongings had been abandoned. Even those owning carts carried neighbours' children and, in a few cases, clothes, but no furniture. I saw one woman trudging along carrying nothing but a babe in arms"

MANY GROUPS OF NUNS APPEARED IN THE LONG LINES OF THE HOMELESS: Correspondents describe the presence of nuns in their voluminous garb appearing among the sorry pilgrims. Here is one account of some Poor Clare nuns encountered near Louvain. "Several of the older sisters, including the aged Mother Superior, had had to be left behind as they were unable to travel. I asked one of the nuns if the Germans were in Louvain and she replied, in halting English, 'Yes, near the station, I think.' 'Where will you go now?' I asked the little party who appeared already worn and travel-stained. 'We don't know,' they replied. 'We hope someone will take us in. We have no plans. All we wanted to do was to get away from the city.'" This is the plight of hundreds of these unfortunate people

A 30,000-TON BATTLESHIP EMERGING THROUGH LOW-LYING SEA MIST
Drawn by Montague Dawson

Every type of sea has its own weather and every type of weather has its own problems for naval vessels. A few days ago the British Fleet assembled at Alexandria had to endure the nuisance of a sandstorm. Here Mr. Dawson envisages the problems of mist, which has its own dangers in rough or smooth seas

Have the ITALIANS a "SURPRISE" in the MEDITERRANEAN?

Under certain conditions highly specialised vessels get their chance. The high speed motor boat, so vulnerable and noisy in a rough sea, might take on different qualities on a smooth and glassy sea, say, when morning mist was veiling everything or nearly everything in a golden cloud. Hence it becomes of interest to examine the strength of a fleet which has shown a very marked appreciation of this fast light type of vessel

THE Italian public takes the greatest pride and has the greatest faith in the big fleet of motor torpedo boats which it calls "anti-submarine motor boats," in spite of the fact that most of them are specially designed for torpedo work against big ships. They won very great fame in the last war, when the Italian Navy did not generally greatly distinguish itself, and this well-deserved reputation has been made the basis of intensive internal propaganda.

Even before 1914 motor-boat racing was a popular sport in Italy, and both the engines and hulls were excellently designed and built so that they won many successes in international competitions. These racing motor-boats appealed to the Italians for torpedo purposes, at a time when a similar suggestion had been very coldly received by the British Admiralty, and they had already built several for that purpose when they entered the war. Then they offered a great chance to dashing young officers who otherwise had little opportunity in Italian conditions, especially in the Adriatic, and they made the most of it. Gallant dashes into defended Austrian harbours and work on the Adriatic coast resulted in the sinking of the battleships *Wien*, *Svent Istvan*, and *Viribus Unitus*, one destroyer and two torpedo boats, Commander Rizzo, D'Annunzio the poet, and others making great reputations.

So great was Italian enthusiasm on this type that well over 400 motor boats of various types were built during the war, the majority of them torpedo boats up to 59 ft. in length with a speed of 35 knots, similar to the British coastal motor

THE ITALIAN NAVY'S LIKING FOR THE SMALL, VERY FAST VESSEL

A scene during manœuvres of the Italian Navy, when small fast vessels were put through their paces

Italians, but they have proved wonderful seaboats for their size, and were capable of going through the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean and back. Contemporary with the later Italians the British built 70-ft. boats before the war with 21-in. tubes and a speed of from 45 to 47 knots without sacrificing seaworthiness; the details of subsequent types have very properly been kept confidential.

Italy also built one very interesting experimental boat with the idea of obtaining seaworthiness, 105 ft. long mounting four torpedo tubes and machine-guns and having a designed speed of 34 knots. She could not touch this by 5 knots as she was originally commissioned but it is understood that she has been given new engines to rectify this.

The Italian public have been led to believe that these torpedo boats could materially contribute to the capture of Malta in the event of war, but that is regarded as pure propaganda although they might well be very troublesome to patrol craft working in narrow seas on outpost duty, against submarines or minesweeping. They could scarcely hope to get into the narrow and well protected entrances of the naval harbours at Malta, although like all fast motor boats of the hydroplane type they lift their bows well out of the water at high speed and experiments with our own coastal motor boats after the late war proved that such vessels were capable of jumping over the old type of boom with remarkably little damage to themselves. Naturally this has been guarded against in modern protective measures.

The seaworthiness of any vessel depends on her length and naturally a boat 70 ft. long is affected greatly by a very moderate sea and her speed immediately drops. The Mediterranean is regarded as a normally calm sea for naval purposes, but what is calm for a destroyer or cruiser is not for a motor boat, especially when her hull has been designed purely for speed. She has a natural tendency to hammer herself to pieces on successive waves.

The Italian boats carry a ton and a quarter of petrol and at full speed—which is appreciably below 47 knots when their tanks are full—this gives them a radius of 260 miles. Throttled down, their radius is naturally increased but their engines are designed to be driven all out so that efficiency is lost. Some of the British boats built before the war, whose details were released by the Admiralty, are fitted with small engines on their wing shafts with which they can cruise up to a speed of 9 knots on a very small consumption.

This device does not appear to have been adopted in any of the Italian boats whose details have been published, which is a handicap to their efficiency for it not only greatly increases their range but also permits them to approach silently. The boats, and the minority 80 ft. long with a speed of 18 knots for anti-submarine work like our motor launches.

Some veterans still feature in the mosquito fleet of over seventy units, but its backbone is rather more than fifty sister boats 69 ft. long with engines of 2,000 h.p. giving them a speed of 47 knots, each carrying two 18-in. torpedo tubes and machine-guns, which were built between 1936 and 1939. It is quite possible that more have recently been built under the veil of secrecy which has hidden everything to do with the Italian Navy. The British boats built at the beginning of this series were 60 ft. long, 1,500 h.p. for 35 knots, carrying two 18-in. torpedo tubes and machine-guns. They are considerably slower than the 1,000 h.p. main engines, even throttled down, are very noisy and at anything like full speed it is as impossible to make a torpedo boat silent as it is an aeroplane. They could, of course, be transported towards the scene of action on the decks of other ships, but as they weigh about 20 tons each and are 69 ft. long it could only be in merchant ships which are fitted with heavyweight derricks for cargo purposes; warships which have the weight-lifting facilities have not the spare deck space under them to stow such boats.

The Italian mosquito fleet has a big value, especially on the coast, and it is manned by some of the best officers and ratings in their navy, but like all other small types of men-of-war its utility is strictly limited by physical considerations. Taking advantage of opportunity, however, especially if the approach in tow or in convoy can be made under cover of fog, and against submarines in narrow waters, they can be a very formidable weapon.

F. P.

SPITFIRES OF THE SEA

In the more interesting innovations in naval design now being tested out in the present war is the motor torpedo boat. It carries a couple of torpedoes as well as a large number of depth-charges for dropping on submarines and anything from two to eight machine-guns for chasing off enemy aircraft. It has a speed of 50 knots, or 55 m.p.h.

A MODERN "MOSQUITO" APPROACHING A FLEET AT ANCHOR ON A MISTY MORNING

The problem of taking advantage of mist would be an interesting one. It is difficult to keep a motor torpedo boat reasonably quiet, but it would seem that, drifting with care, something might be done. What a M.T.B., out on a night jaunt, does not like to meet unexpectedly is a well-constructed boom. Aiming a torpedo from one of these short-bodied vessels is not easy; the length of a destroyer giving much more possibilities of precision

NEWS OUT of NORWAY

Scenes from the Country where Allied Forces are Still Heavily Engaged in Active Operations

AN EPIC STORY FROM NORWAY: BOMBED FOR NINE DAYS, BRITISH SAILORS TOOK TO THE WOODS TO FIGHT: The British trawler *Jardine* photographed after she had been beached in the fiord after disablement as a result of nine days of aerial bombing

SIGNALLER EDMUND CLARK, ONE OF THE TWENTY-FIVE MEN OF THE "JARDINE," TAKES HIS TURN ON WATCH IN ONE OF THE HASTILY PREPARED POSITIONS ALONGSIDE THE FIORD

Another story of British heroism and resource in the Norwegian campaign has just been released by the Censor. It concerns the British trawler *Jardine*, patrolling in the Aandalsnes area: after nine days of savage bombing by German aircraft she was beached in a fiord by her crew as she had begun to take in water. Twenty-five of her crew made for the woods and prepared positions in case the Germans dropped parachute troops. Then a scouting Nazi plane saw the ship's boat and unloaded a salvo of bombs, injuring seven of the men. Finally a telephone message to Molde brought a rescue trawler to the scene.

THE SKIPPER OF THE "JARDINE," LIEUTENANT K. B. HOPKINS, R.N.V.R. (on left), playing a game of darts with a member of the crew—a picture taken during an actual German bombing raid. As the planes flew so high it was impossible for the sailors to take any action, so the dartboard was fixed to a hatchway on deck—and the game went on!

Above—A PATHETIC SCENE AT STEINKJER: Personal belongings of all kinds abandoned by the terror-stricken inhabitants as they fled from the Nazi bombs which rained down on their once orderly, civilised little town

On left—FOR THE STUDENT OF PHYSIOGNOMY: A German airman captured by the French during their recent operations in Norway

THE TERRIBLE CONDITIONS WITH WHICH OUR AIRMEN IN NORWAY HAD TO CONTEND: This picture illustrates the fantastic difficulties with which the Fleet Air Arm had to contend. Their "aerodrome" was covered with snow and ice, which was churned by the landing wheels, making things more difficult than ever. In spite of such conditions the Fleet Air Arm carried out their dangerous tasks and earned the Admiralty's signal "We are proud of you"

A FOOTNOTE TO THE NORWEGIAN CAMPAIGN: A general view of the scene of devastation at Namsos following the German bombing raids. Hardly a building is now left standing. Our readers will remember that in last week's issue we published pictures showing the bombers actually at their dastardly work over this unhappy town

The OPENING of WAR on the WEST FRONT

The Development of the Technique of Parachuting and of Troop-carrying Aeroplanes

Described by CHARLES G. GREY

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

AT last we find ourselves in an alliance which, if it had existed two or three years ago, might have prevented any war in the west, and have prevented the penetration of Bolshevism into Germany by letting loose Germany's military energies and ambitions against Russia. Unfortunately other nations as well as ourselves have had to be driven into this alliance by the force of events, and we have still to await the joining up of Sweden.

This Scandinavian plus Lowland plus French plus British alliance has been the dream of some of the best business men and best soldiers and airmen to my knowledge for years—I cannot claim to speak for the Navy or the politicians. It would have been a West Wall far more effective than all the Siegfried Positions, Maginot Lines and flooded areas which our friends and enemies have had to produce in recent years. But it would have depended for its success on the building up by all countries of large air forces, based primarily on the scheme which Sir Samuel Hoare and General Trenchard (now Viscount Trenchard) laid down in 1923.

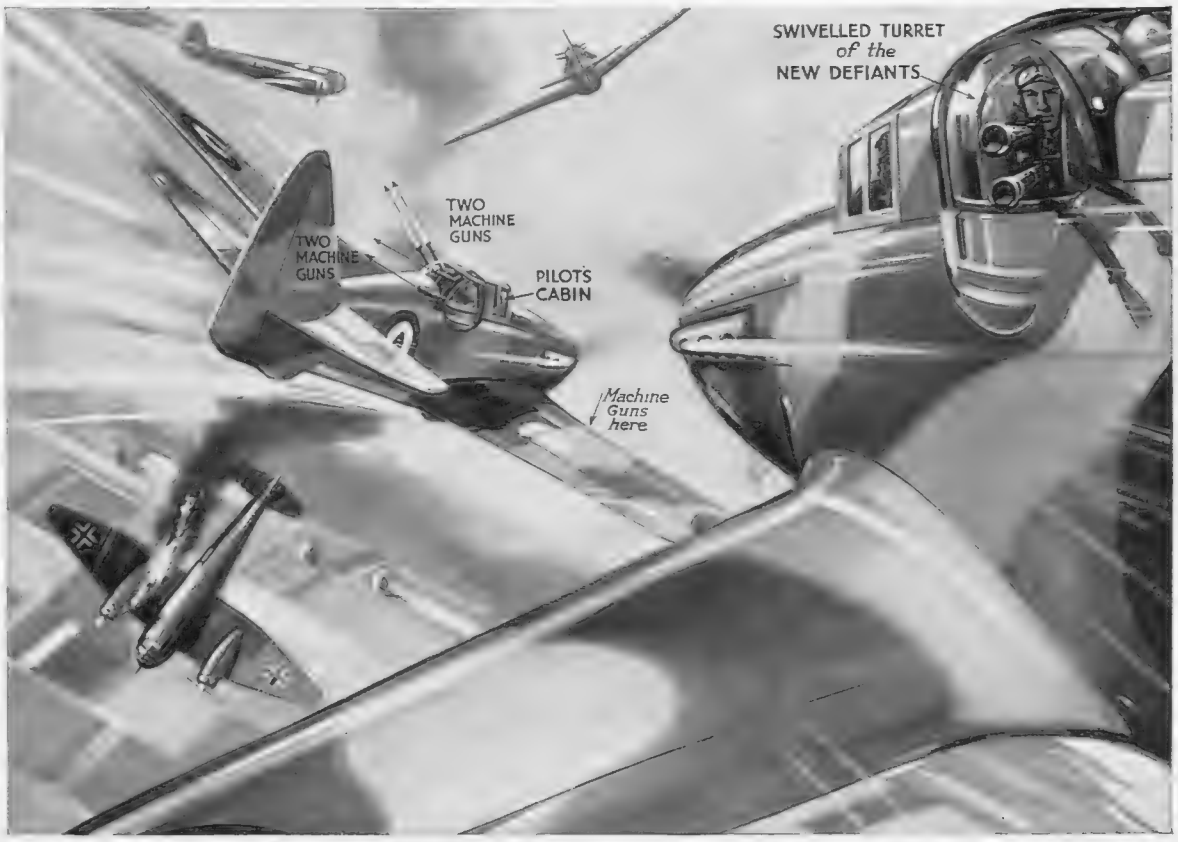
Our trouble to-day is caused by the fact that because Great Britain disarmed at the bidding of the League of Nations Union, and its supposed voting power, as Mr. Baldwin admitted in the House of Commons, many people in the smaller nations came to the conclusion that friendship, "protection," or even domination by a powerful Germany was less dangerous than trusting in the promises of British politicians. Hence the Quislings and others, many of whom may only have become pro-German because they could see no safety for their countries in being pro-British. Semi-circlement of Germany might have had an effect very different from encirclement.

Anyhow, here we are up to our necks in it. We have gained all the shipping of Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium which is on the high seas, and that is a very considerable asset considering the new markets which we have to seek. We are not getting it for nothing, but that is by the way. There is also Belgium's Army which is fighting bravely to break the German thrust. The Dutch Air Force has unfortunately vanished from the scene of conflict. It was stated officially that practically all the machines were either destroyed or out of action. The Belgian Air Force is still fighting side by side with the fighting machines of the Allies. We regret the disappearance of the Dutch Air Force, for the pilots were men of great courage, skill, and endurance, the equal of our own but they lacked the war experience which our men have had. In the Belgian Air Force there are senior officers who, in the last war, won reputations as high as any of our own star pilots.

Some day we shall get a true picture of the German onslaught by air on Holland and Belgium. Precisely why the Germans should have concentrated attacks by parachute troops on Holland and not on Belgium is not clear. One would have thought that by parachute attacks in Southern Belgium they might have hoped to blow up railway and road bridges, and so delay the advance of the British Army through Belgium. That would have been worth the price of the parachute troops sacrificed in the process on the assumption that the German Army would break through Eastern Belgium and would get a long way before the British and French troops could repair the bridges and get round to the fighting front.

The object of the parachute troops in Holland was apparently to capture Walhaven Aerodrome across the river from Rotterdam, and so assure the safe landing of their troop-carriers. Incidentally the safe landing of troop-carriers does not seem to worry the Germans much. The well-known pilot Van Dijk, of the Royal Netherlands Air Lines (K.L.M.), who got away from Oslo Airport after it had been captured by the Germans and was likewise allowed to refuel at and take-off from the Copenhagen Aerodrome on his way back to Holland, told extraordinary stories of the way in which aeroplanes full of troops were simply dumped on the aerodrome regardless of crashed undercarriages. Some of them caught fire on landing, and whether the troops got out safely or not is not known.

Most of the troop-carriers seem to have been the old tri-motor Junkers Ju 52s, in which so many of us have travelled so many thousands of miles in safety and comfort. I was told just before war was declared that the Junkers Company were still turning out this old type at the rate of four a week, so there must be a lot of them available for troop-carrying.



ONE OF THE R.A.F.'S SURPRISES FOR THE GERMANS IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM — THE NEW FIGHTING DEFIANTS: In the fighting along the West Front, German airmen have received some very nasty shocks. They have discovered that new British aircraft, capable of speeds in excess of 400 m.p.h., are now in action against them. One of these is the new Boulton Paul Defiant, details of which have been secret up till now. In the diagram reproduced above, some of these secrets are now divulged. In addition to the machine-guns controlled by the pilot, the observer-gunner (who sits back to back with the pilot) is armed with four guns placed in a swivelled turret, as shown here. This double means of attack, arranged as it is in a very compact form, promises to make the Defiant one of the most powerful fighters yet devised

Judging by German propagandist photographs which have been circulated in this country, the Germans have also been using for troop transport the four-motor Junkers and the four-motor Focke-Wulf Condors, the German equivalent of the American Flying Fortresses, or Flying Targets. A certain section of the German Air Command fell in love with these Kolossal types just as did a section of the U.S. Air Service people. But when General Ernst Udet was made Chief of the Technical Department of the German *Luftwaffe* he did not exactly scrap the lot, but he pushed them on one side to be used for troop transport and offered them for sale as air-liners to all nations. He then concentrated on smaller machines of much higher speed which are obviously much harder to hit, and are better able to hit back. The Germans rather miscalculated the excellence of their bombers, and in war the Heinkels and Dorniers have not turned out to be a match for our Spitfires and Hurricanes.

Pictures which have been published of parachutists descending carrying tommy-guns, with radio sets, and folding bicycles and gas-masks festooned round them are obviously misleading. Everybody who has seen a parachutist alight knows that his only chance of getting away unhurt is to let himself go limp and slide along the ground and spill the air out of his parachute. And to do that, one has to be able to roll over. One would scarcely roll over conveniently on top of a folded bicycle and a tommy-gun and a wireless set. We shall probably learn in due course that the armament and gadgetry were attached to separate parachutes and were dropped by people in the machines just ahead of the parachutists themselves. Nothing would be more likely to kill a man than hitting the ground and rolling over and being dragged by a parachute when wearing a steel helmet and hung round with equipment.

An unbelievable story is that about our people in Norway finding dead German soldiers whose parachutes had not opened and whose bodies had bullet holes in them, the inference being that they had refused to jump and were shot and thrown out by the N.C.O. or officer in command of the deplaning operations. A parachutist might be kicked out of the door, possibly at his own request. I have heard of such things being done in this country by civilian parachutists who confessed that they funked the first plunge. Nobody would be likely to find a bullet hole in the mangled carcase of a man who had hit the ground because his parachute did not open.

So far as one can discover, the parachuting in Norway was mostly done in open flat valleys. Parachuting in mountains is an unpleasant business. My friends in the R.A.F. have always told me that they would never use their parachutes if a motor cut out when flying over the hills of the Indian frontier. They agreed that crashing the machine carefully in a stream at the bottom of a valley would be safer than jumping with a parachute and being drifted against a rock and breaking a leg or two and so being unable to get down the hillside, and probably dying of hunger and thirst.

One good thing about this opening of the war on the West Front, if one can find any good in so much evil, is that it will give the R.A.F. a chance of using thousands, not mere hundreds, of single-motor light bombers, which ought to have been put out of production a year or more ago.

In default of special ground-strafing aeroplanes with armoured bottoms, such as the Germans and ourselves had in 1918 but never used, these old-fashioned but practically unused light bombers are the next best thing. They ought to be most effective for machine-gunning troops and transport on roads, for they mount a couple of machine-guns forward and a couple more aft, so that they can fire on the dive and fire on the subsequent zoom, and drop a packet of fragmentation bombs in between.

In war, as an Irishman said, almost anything is more than likely to happen. But by opening their northern line of defence to attack Holland and Belgium the Germans may have done the most foolish thing they could do. If they had sat tight behind their West Wall we could not have got at them except by air attack on aerodromes and armament centres behind the Wall. But by coming out into the open they have let our Air Force at themselves, as well as the British Army which for so long, as everybody has known in spite of the censorship, has been occupying much of that French country facing the Belgian border over which the British Army fought during the last war.

There is some satisfaction in knowing that one's enemies make mistakes too. And, although we have grave dangers to face, we can rely on our Air Force to meet and beat anything that the *Luftwaffe* can put up against it. So far all the evidence goes to show that man for man the people of the R.A.F. have the upper hand.

A HAPPY R.A.F. SQUADRON WHICH BROUGHT DOWN SEVEN ENEMY AIRCRAFT: Of all the branches of the Service the R.A.F. have had their whack of fighting; nevertheless, the invasion of Belgium found them ready—and eager—for more! The men above, for instance, lost no time in tackling the greatly augmented enemy during the first days of fighting on the Western Front; in one engagement alone this group of pilots and crews succeeded in bringing down seven of the enemy before breakfast. All along the line the R.A.F. have been engaged helping to clear the skies and to bomb German concentrations and strategic points

"COCKS OF THE NORTH": ONE OF THE FLIGHTS, WITH FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT TOWNSEND SECOND FROM THE RIGHT

An R.A.F. Fighter Command Squadron stationed in Scotland has had numerous victories over the enemy. Three enemy bombers were secured by Flight-Lieutenant P. W. Townsend, twenty-six-year-old pilot from Crowcombe, Somerset, who was last week awarded the D.F.C. Another Flight-Commander in the squadron—a South African—also lays claim to three enemy aircraft: he is in friendly rivalry with Flight-Lieutenant Townsend for the next addition to the tally

"COCKS OF THE NORTH," WITH (CENTRE) THE 25-YEAR-OLD FLIGHT-COMMANDER FROM GERMISTON IN THE TRANSVAAL

TWO PICTURES FROM BELGIUM SHOWING THE WRECKAGE OF A GERMAN HEINKEL: This bomber was brought down by anti-aircraft fire over the British Front. All parts of the aeroplane bore testimony to the effectiveness of the gunners' aim, as fragments of shell had damaged most parts of the aircraft. In other cases where bombers have been brought down, it has been reported that they exploded on hitting the ground, much in the same way as the Clacton aeroplane and for the same reasons. Unless the pilot can dispose of his load of bombs before making a forced landing this danger is always present

THE R.A.F. IN ACTION

Men Who are Bearing the Brunt of the Fighting in the Air in Belgium and France

AT AN R.A.F. FIGHTER COMMAND STATION—THE FLIGHT OPERATIONS OFFICER, ON DUTY IN HIS PORTABLE OFFICE, RECEIVING ORDERS BY PHONE

THESE FIGHTER PILOTS, ALTHOUGH RESTING COMFORTABLY OUTSIDE THEIR PORTABLE OFFICE, ARE NEVERTHELESS ON DUTY AND READY TO TAKE OFF AT ONCE. TWO PICTURES FROM A STATION IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND

WHAT THE R.A.F. BOMBERS ARE DOING ON THE WESTERN FRONT: The framework of this new bridge over the Albert Canal at Locht in Belgium was demolished to impede the German invasion. The work of demolition was done so thoroughly that the invaders had to throw a small pontoon across the canal; this, however, is only strong enough to bear the weight of light transport

A DORNIER AEROPLANE CRASHED IN FRANCE: ITS CREW OF FIVE WERE ARRESTED BY ONE ENGLISHMAN! Mr. George Muir is an Englishman living in France, the keeper of a British War Graves Cemetery. When this Dornier crashed near his cemetery, as the result of an attack by R.A.F. fighters, Mr. Muir found the crew—fully armed—walking away from the wreckage. With great bravery he called on them to hand over their arms, which in this case were revolvers—and they did! Mr. Muir then handed over his captives to the French authorities, to join the many scores of enemy pilots now in prisoner-of-war camps behind the lines. In our picture Allied officers are seen inspecting the wreckage of the aeroplane

IN BERLIN WHEN THE R.A.F. ARRIVES

—And How the Populace React to the Roar of the Bombers' Engines Overhead

Described by AXEL FORSLUND, a well-known young Swedish broadcaster, who has actually been in Berlin during an R.A.F. "Reconnaissance"

MY job as a Swedish news correspondent has compelled me on two occasions to be where nobody likes to be—in Berlin when the R.A.F. arrive!

War wasn't three days old when I was caught in the first Berlin scare, at about three o'clock in the morning. The sirens wailed—I believe the only time when they were sounded. All subsequent raids, even when there has been gun-fire, have been without any *Warchnungssignal*.

I jumped out of bed, in my hotel near the Alexanderplatz, and joined the throng of terrified, night-clad Berliners rushing for their *Schanze*. Most of the men were white with fear. The women were worried, about their children, their husbands, their belongings; they had no time to be afraid until they were in the sanctuary of the shelter. Then they were smitten with terror such as the Poles must have known when the bombs began to drop from the Heinkels overhead.

"*Ich bin ausser mir*" (I am beside myself), one woman muttered to me, as her baby clutched at her nightdress. "It cannot really be the British? No, it must be some mistake. Oberst Weisseman" (the officer in charge of this section of Berlin's A.A. defences) "has always told me that it is impossible for the enemy to get through. No, it is not possible . . ."

"*Sie haben mich zum besten gehabt*" (They've made game of me), shouted an elderly woman, with all possible venom in her cry. She had sent her only boy to join the *Luftwaffe*, and had been told time and time again that the Fatherland's air defences were impregnable. But now the sirens were wailing; had the English got through?

We had the all clear within ten minutes that time. The official explanation, broadcast on Deutschlandsender in the 7 a.m. news, was that a British plane had "lost its way" near the frontier, and had been shot down. This, I understand, has entirely been disproved since by the R.A.F.

But though I have heard amatol bombs drop in Spain I do not want to live again the minutes of that awful silence which followed the dying wail of Berlin's first alarm—the silence that preceded the crying of terrified men, who broke down and sobbed like babies. These Berliners had been so sure England would never fight. They had seen so many demonstrations of Göring's warplanes out at the Tempelhof military section of the aerodrome—but still it looked as though the British had got through.

No bombs fell. As you know, the average German is somewhat of a blusterer. Within twenty-four hours the people I met were all very elated, their wounded pride restored. But I have often thought that the war would be over by now if Berlin had been thoroughly bombed on that night of September 4. The bitter disillusionment about Nazi military efficiency would have struck home.

My next experience of a Berlin raid was more than a couple of months later, when the leaflets began to fall, and when for the first time I heard guns sounded. I heard the guns for nothing—the Krupps version of the 3·7. But I had to pay Rm. 3 for my leaflet!

No sirens were sounded, but when the multi-coloured searchlights made a rainbow of the sky, and the guns began to rattle the blacked-out windows, streams of people made for the trenches and shelters.

The leaflets could not have been dropped in any large quantities, and tales of boy-scouts being sent out to sweep them up are quite untrue! So rare were the first leaflets, in fact, that they often changed hands for the equivalent of 5s. 10d. a time. I was fortunate to buy mine so cheaply. It was headed "Watchdog of the Clouds"—which is rather a poor pun on the German *Volkische Beobachter* (People's Watchdog), that is the name of the newspaper pioneered by Hitler. The son and heir of Stinnes, the steel magnate, made a personal present to the Führer of enough capital to convert it from a weekly into a daily. It is still a most popular German national paper, and most ordinary German folk must have thought the British pun was in rather poor taste.

But a clandestine trade sprang up in the leaflet business, and when the first two or three *Volksgerichthof* (People's Court) cases came on, and men were sent to Buchenwald for having sold leaflets to friends, the price went up.

Interestingly enough I was in Berlin when the first "leaflet" cases were heard. The judge that morning was General Bock von Wulfingen, who is actually a director of a big chemical concern now making poison gas. He lost a lot of property in the successful Cuxhaven raid, and for himself would prefer that the R.A.F. should stick to leaflets, not bombs!

The black-out now in Berlin, despite the long evenings and the fact that in recent stratosphere flights the R.A.F. have gained all necessary blind-flying experience, is intense. You cannot show even a chink of light. There are no glow-lamps as in London's West End, or any blue lamps as in Paris. Motorists have no sidelamps, but only a fine slit in a headlamp mask. Lights are turned off during raids, or when guns are heard, and there have been many traffic accidents from black-out scares.

I can tell you that the first black-out tests were made in Vienna, immediately it was decided to move some of the Nazi Party documents there in the event of war. The first black-out in Germany itself was nearly a year ago, at Nürnberg. In August, just before the war, blue lamps were being fitted in railway carriages, but I don't think the Nazis wanted to hurry a Berlin trial black-out for fear of undermining public confidence.

I was told at the time that the Nürnberg experiment was just a precaution against Czech revolt by air!

Berlin is now mapped out in squares of 3 km., and each square is numbered. At the corner of each of these imaginary rectangles is a 1,500-million candle-power searchlight, of Siemens type. As enemy planes pass from rectangle to rectangle on the map, they are "handed over" from one search light operator to the next.

I have seen it stated that the coloured searchlights are just to dazzle enemy pilots. Don't you believe it. Talks I have had with young *Geschutz* officers in Berlin (who talk quite frankly about their equipment, and are proud of it) convince me that these coloured beams are all part of the Siemens infra-red-ray detector. It has been suggested to me that if extensive raids were begun on Berlin, the whole machinery of automatic detectors, firing guns automatically laid on their targets, would come into action.

But just for a few harmless reconnaissance flights or leaflet raids the home defence *Luftwaffe* don't want to disclose any part of this electrical link-up. So only a few guns at random have been fired, and it has been admitted that the aiming has been poor. They're relying on their robot detectors.

The Berliner-Stellung defence plan makes use of the services of some 2,000 women attached to the *Luftwaffe*. Many of them are fully-trained pilots. Nearly all used to belong to gliding clubs. But they bring little romance or light relief to the job of scanning Berlin's night skies for enemy planes. These girls are masculine brutes, must be at least 5 ft. 6 in. tall, and rigidly adhere to Frau Scholtz-Klinke's rules about unplucked eyebrows and no make-up!

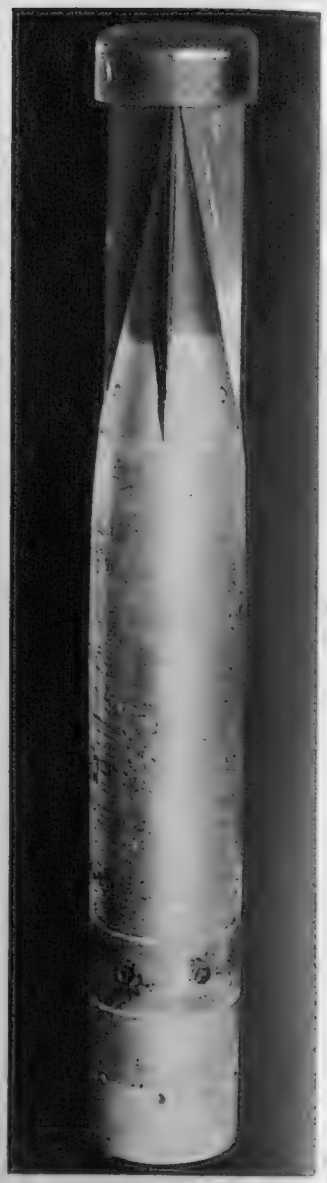
It is a mistake, despite the ease with which the preliminary leaflet raids were done, to suppose that Berlin is not prepared to withstand extensive aerial attack.

One of the *Geschutz* men told me that the A.A. guns ringing the city have loose liners, keyed to prevent twisting. These liners are grooved to give the shell its spin, and of course there is appreciable wear after several nights of heavy action. With these guns the liners can be changed in less than ten minutes.

Ballons (barrage balloons) now go up from Belle-Alliance-platz, and from Potsdamer-platz. To test the black-out, and after every recent R.A.F. raid, men are sent up on an *Aufsteig* (reconnaissance balloon ascent) to take photographs and check camouflage.

"*Kein Mensch wird ja klug aus diesen Wirrwarr von Punkten . . . Ziffern . . . Linien . . .*" (I can never make head or tail of this pattern of criss-cross of dots, figures and lines), grumbled one young *Luftwaffe* officer to me at a cafe after one such night reconnaissance over his home city. R.A.F. pilots seem to have been more successful, however, in deciphering Berlin from the air.

Next time I would prefer to be up in a Blenheim than down in a Berlin *Schanze*!



ANYONE FINDING A BOMB OF THIS TYPE SHOULD ON NO ACCOUNT TOUCH IT—It is the 1 kilo. German incendiary bomb—2 ins. in diameter and 13½ ins. in total length. It weighs approximately 2 lb. 2 ozs. The incendiary portion consists of a cylinder of magnesium alloy with an incendiary filling; rivetted to this cylinder is a conical steadying vane with three fins, usually green. The bomb does not explode, but is set burning by a small percussion cap. These bombs may be found in a burnt-out state in which only the tail fin will be left or in an unexploded state in which the bombs will be completely whole and full of incendiary composition. Anyone finding such bombs should at once inform the police

ONE OF BRITAIN'S MANY FINE BOMBER TYPES—THE HANDLEY-PAGE HAMPDEN IN FORMATION FLIGHT: This country is exceptionally strong in bombers, and many types are (and have been for a long time) in full production. At the moment of writing, they are proving their worth in actual warfare; but a moment may come when they may have to participate in even grimmer tasks. The Hampden is a most characteristic type, with distinctive sharply-tapered wings and very slim rear fuselage. It is very strongly armed with accommodation for a crew of four, with no fewer than three gunner's positions—to say nothing of the forward firing gun of the pilot himself. The Hampden literally bristles with guns! Its huge load of bombs is carried internally within the fuselage below the wings. Aircraft of this type have already flown deep into the enemy's country

THE BATTLE FOR SEDAN: As Seen From the Air

By R.A.F. Planes Which Have Been Bombing the Germans Unmercifully

SIX BRIDGES OVER THE RIVER MEUSE AT SEDAN DEMOLISHED TO IMPEDE THE GERMAN ATTACK: Now, at last, the R.A.F. have had opportunities of demonstrating what bombing and fighting aircraft can do in impeding the enemy's advance and bombing his concentrations. This picture shows the River Meuse at Sedan after the Germans had crossed during their initial rush last week: no fewer than six bridges were destroyed by our bombers, thus cutting off the enemy's retreat

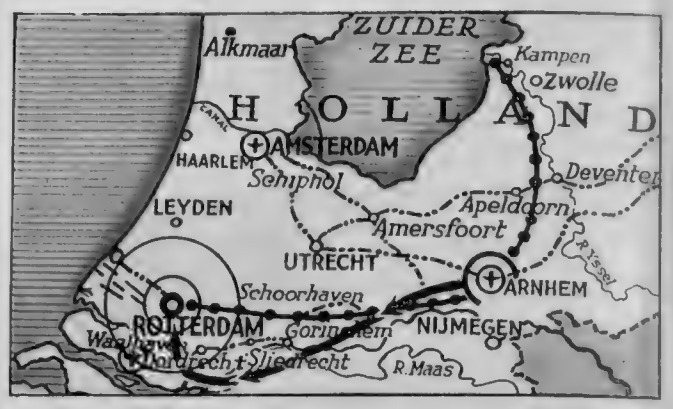
THE ENEMY COLUMNS CONVERGING ON SEDAN ARE FORCED TO MAKE A DETOUR: Right at the cross-roads a huge crater—probably caused by a mine—forces the German columns to leave the road and detour across the fields. Under heavy bombing and observation by the R.A.F. the whole time, the progress of the columns could not have been an easy one: in the picture above, a British aerial bomb is actually exploding in Floing village as the Germans move up

On left—
THREE MILES OF ENEMY VEHICLES MOVING UP TO THE ATTACK: This picture was taken in the same region as that shown in the upper right hand picture on this page. It shows the enemy columns moving along the Sugny-St. Menges road on the way to Sedan. It further shows how the enemy is at all times under the eyes of the R.A.F., with his plans and concentrations thus made known to Headquarters within a few minutes of the landing of the observing aircraft. At the bottom of the picture is the village of St. Menges, and at the top is the cross-roads also shown in the other picture on this page

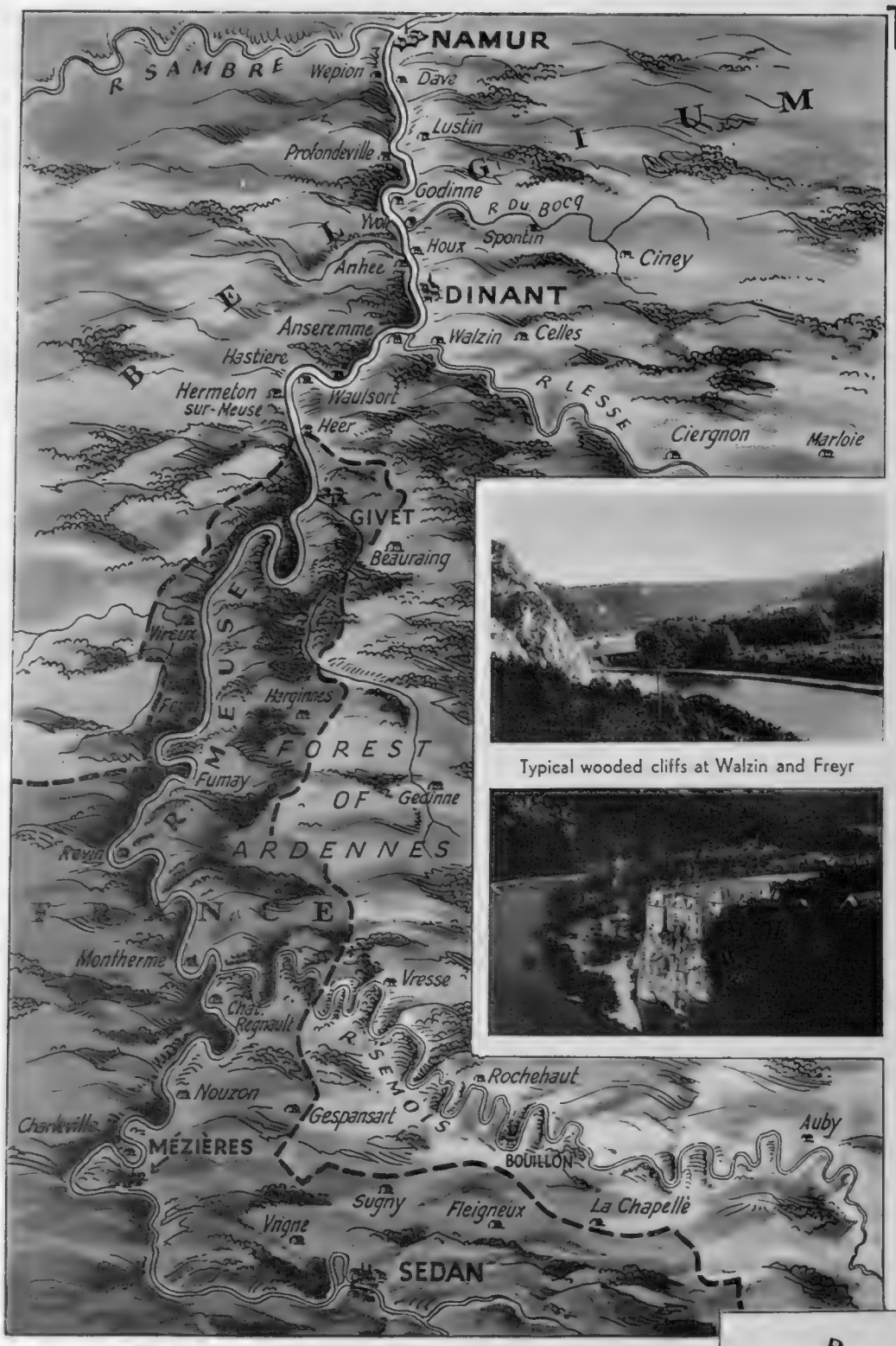
Above—
THE GERMAN POSITIONS AROUND SEDAN PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE R.A.F.: It is pictures like this which the defenders at Sedan found so valuable, giving as they do the exact location of the enemy and the precise position of his fortified lines. Whilst this picture was being taken the enemy was being heavily bombarded—with what success and precision the hundreds of shell craters clearly indicate. It is obvious that the squiggly lines seen in the picture are the hastily constructed trenches and fortified positions of the enemy

The GERMAN THRUST

How the Initial Attack Burst Through the



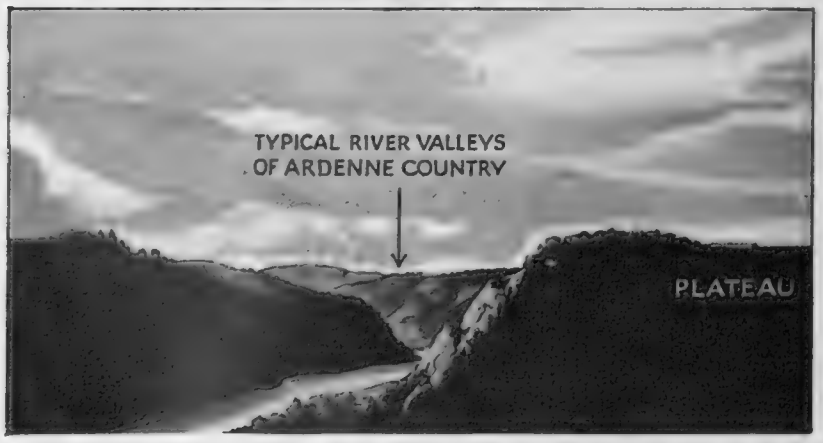
A POINT OF HISTORY: This little map is given to record an important characteristic of the German attack on Holland. The defence line enclosing the northern area is indicated by a line with circles. This ran down inside the Yssel River flooded area to Arnhem and then turned westward towards the sea as here indicated. The German infantry appear to have occupied a small territory round Arnhem but not to have spread far west. The main attack was upon Rotterdam and was accomplished by air attack and by treachery within. The work of compelling the Dutch High Commander to sue for peace was brought about by the bombers, not the infantry of the German Army



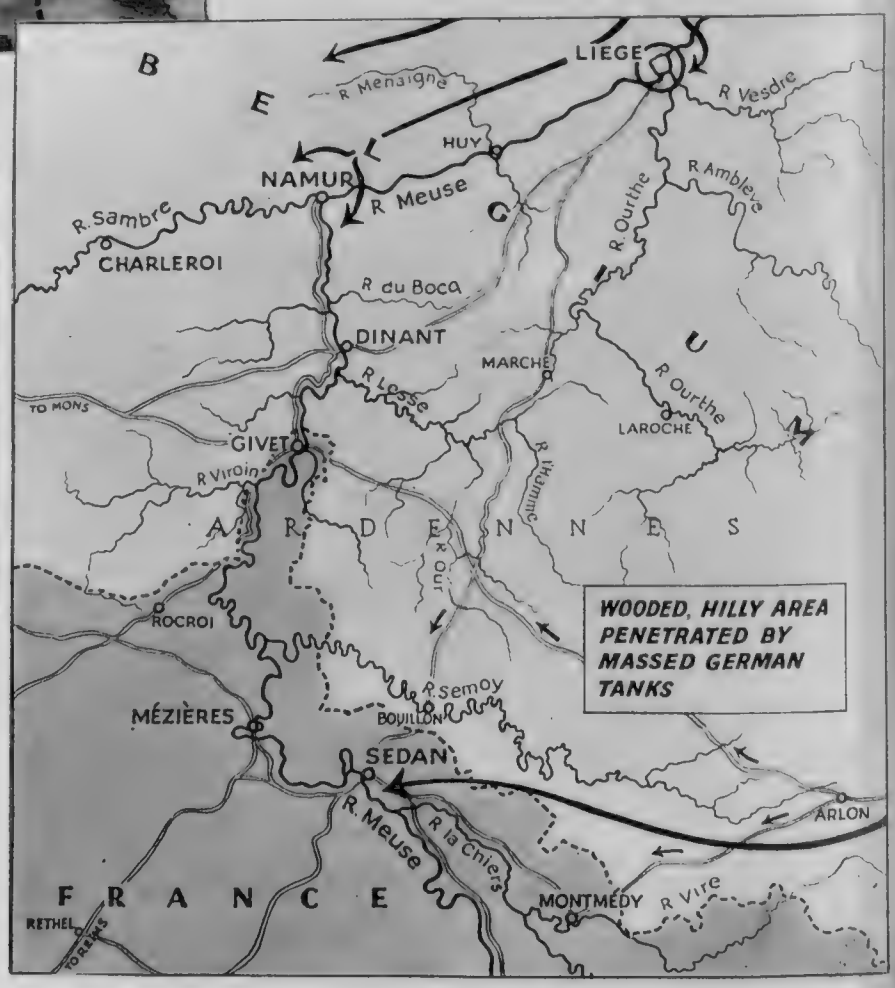
Typical wooded cliffs at Walzin and Freyr

THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH GERMANY'S TANKS ADVANCED TO THE FRENCH FRONTIER AT SEDAN: Military students will examine with great care the means by which Germany was able to gather such a huge concentration of tanks in what seemed a very difficult country. The Semois River twists and turns in a preposterous manner and a few roads penetrate thickly-wooded heights. The steep slopes above many of the river valleys are clothed with timber of various kinds. Here was a country in which to catch a foe, if one held mastery in the air. The above view shows Bouillon Castle on the road leading to Sedan

ONE RESULT OF THE BREAKING OF THE MAASTRICHT GATE: The gorge of the River Meuse should be a strong natural defence of Southern Belgium. How came it that it did not act so when the German attack broke on Belgium? The forcing of the gate at Maastricht is the answer. It thus enabled the German troops to advance south-west on the *inside* of this natural fortification. Towards the south, after passing Namur, the gorge-like character of the scenery increases



A sectional view of the Meuse valley showing its natural defence qualities which last week failed to be of value to the defenders



THE ARDENNE GATE WHICH WAS LEFT OPEN

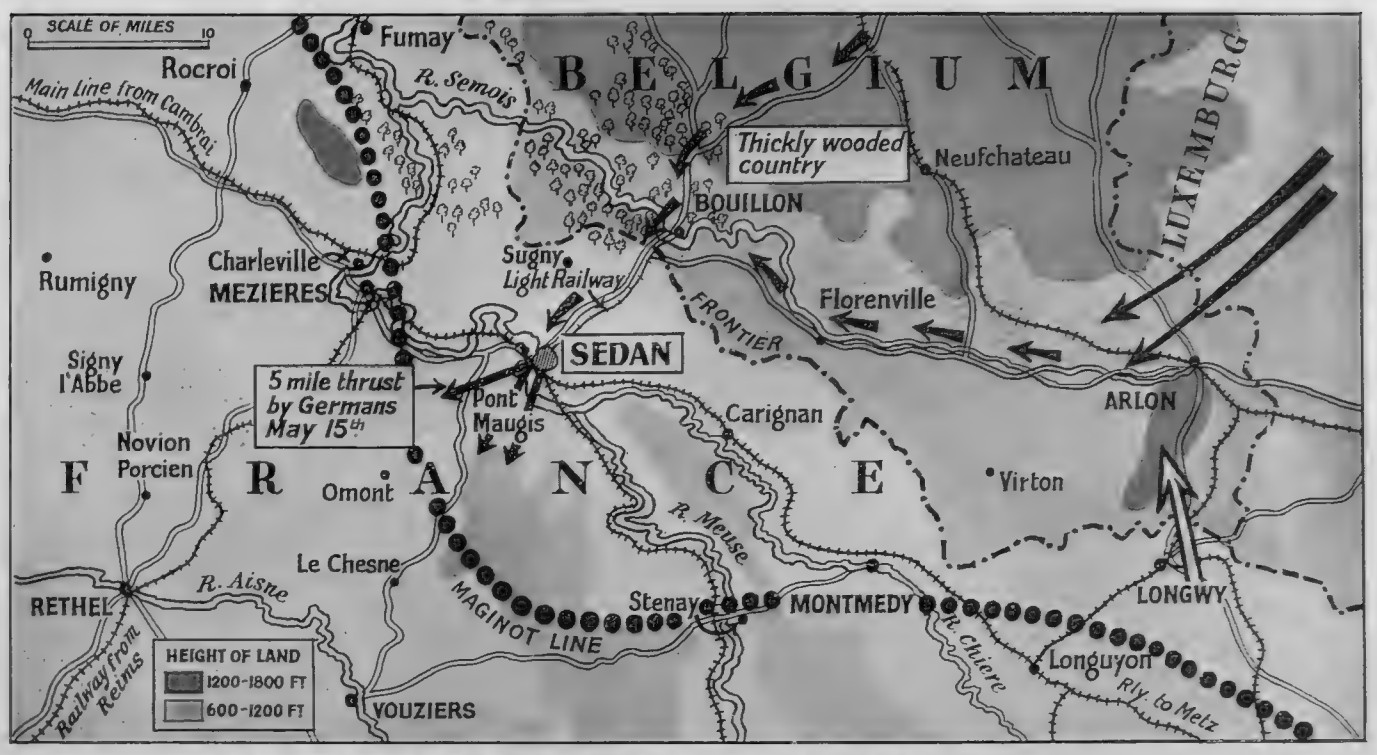
The concentration of such a huge mass of tanks as the Germans assembled in the forest country of the Belgian Ardennes was a puzzle to military critics. A study of the bird's-eye view, maps and views given here will show the nature of the country. It seems a territory in which an invader might get entrapped. There are only a few roads and they do not all lead immediately to the objective of the Sedan bridge. It was not until Saturday morning that the *Daily Telegraph* in a message from Paris stated that "the Belgian General Staff, which was in charge of the Ardennes sector east of the Meuse, did not believe it possible that such a hilly and thickly wooded country could be crossed by an invader so speedily and so easily"

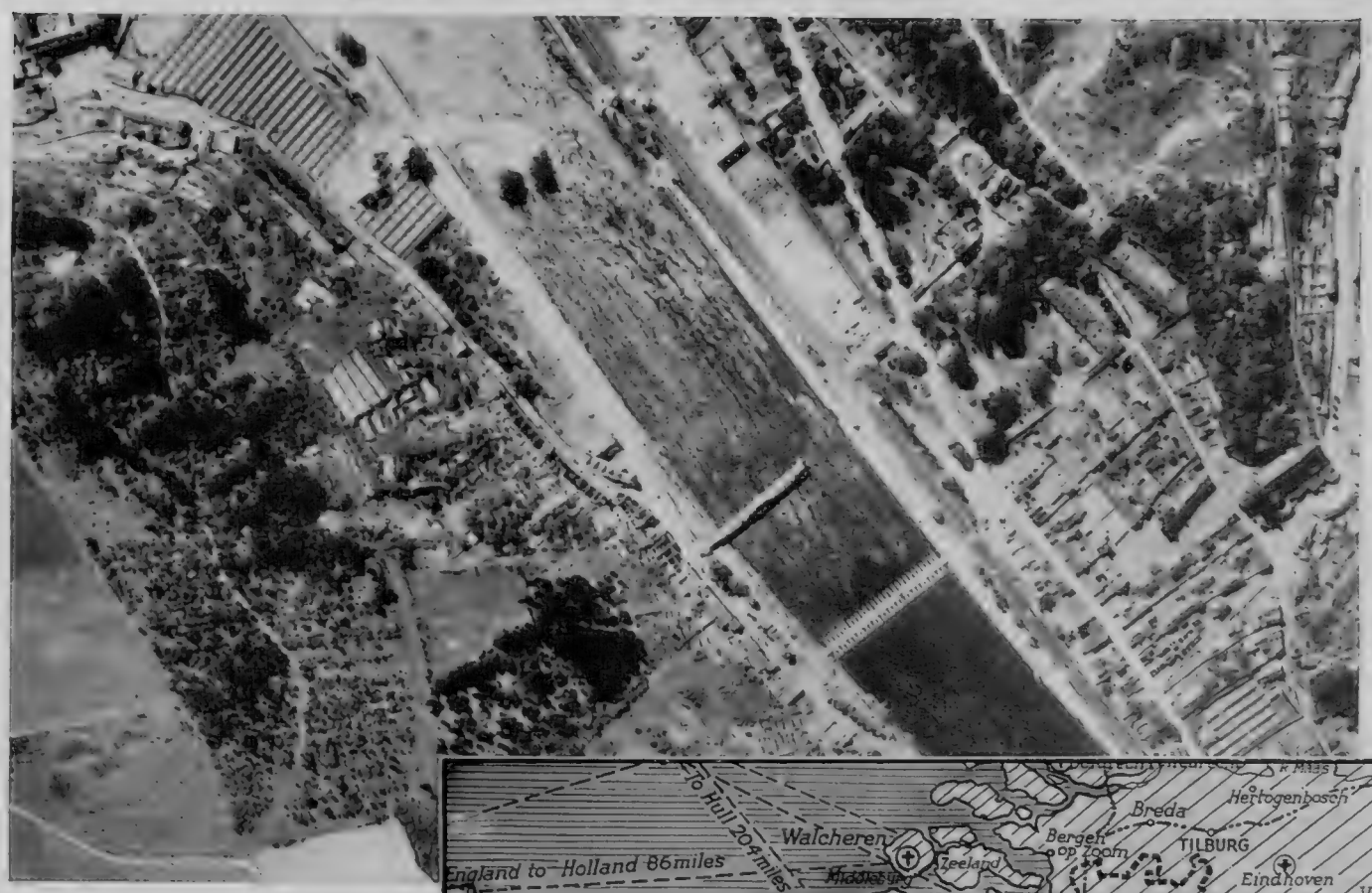
ıto FRANCE

rdennes

On right—

A ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST: The military critics comment on the manner in which Germany was able to penetrate the hilly country of the Belgian Ardennes and emerge on the plateau ground of northern France in the province of French Ardennes. The adjacent map shows the main road through Bouillon, by which the heavier metal doubtless reached the bridge at Sedan. There was a lower road closer to the Meuse which was also doubtless used. Heights of 1,800 ft. were behind the Germans. In front was a short immediate rise on to easy country (600 ft. and less). The first break through soon reached Rethel where it was stopped by the French resistance. The German plan appears to have been to press south-east





THE FIRST THRUST THROUGH TOWARDS RETHEL

On left—

THE R.A.F. SCORE BOMB HITS ON THE RAILWAY AND SHEDS AT DINANT: A salvo of ten bombs can be seen bursting in this R.A.F. aerial picture of part of Dinant. Four of them have struck the railway lines on the west bank of the River Meuse and two or three have struck the engineering workshops on the opposite bank. A convoy of seventy heavy transport vehicles is passing through Dinant on the Dinant–Liscogne Road to cross at the newly erected pontoon bridge

THE OLD FORTRESS ABOVE DINANT

On right—

THE BULGE INTO NORTHERN FRANCE was continued into this week, the pressure being in a westerly direction. Every effort was being made to obstruct the big tanks by road barricades while French artillery was being massed in opposition. The British Forces were marching and fighting gallantly day after day. They have had to conform to the general Allied line. The Belgian Army, too, has put up a fine effort

PRISONERS BEGIN TO ARRIVE

Together with the Wounded and with the Refugees from the Areas of Conflict

THE WOUNDED ENEMY ARRIVE IN LONDON: Last week wounded enemy prisoners began to arrive at a London terminus. They wore the top boots and tunics with which we were familiar in the Great War. There seems to be no alteration in the German infantryman's kit

ANOTHER GROUP OF GERMAN PRISONERS ARRIVE IN LONDON: The group consisted of quite young men, one of them wearing spectacles. All had distinguishing collars to their tunics and some shoulder straps also. They were not at all of the standard type which "invaded" Czechoslovakia. Each man represented a very distinct variation

B.E.F. CASUALTIES BEGIN TO ARRIVE IN ENGLAND: With the outbreak of fierce fighting in Belgium, B.E.F. casualties began to be landed in England and were taken to countryside hospitals. Here is one accepting from a railway worker a cigarette, the great solace of the wounded

B.E.F. CASUALTIES MEET SOME CHEERY AMBULANCE DRIVERS: The casualties are keeping up the very sound tradition of "smiling through" and here it would be difficult not to return a smile when such a cheery soul as this is about. Medical preparations will ensure excellent treatment for the wounded

THE ALIENS, TOO, MOVE UNDER GUARD: Since the new alien regulations were enforced, such scenes as this have been of regular occurrence at stations. Aliens, whether friendly or on the doubtful lists, have had to conform to the new situation which has made internment necessary

REFUGEES FROM OSTEND ARRIVE AT WEMBLEY: This little group formed part of a body of 250 refugees which arrived from Belgium last week. The refugees were drawn from many classes. In the centre background is seen Mrs. Vandervelde who was bombed out of Belgium in the last war

"The Lion has TEETH!"

..so have

DUNLOP

TYRES

Scientists discover

WHY SOME PEOPLE BREAK DOWN UNDER THE STRAIN AND OTHERS DON'T

It all depends on sleep: not everyone belongs to the right Sleep Group.

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

IT'S a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. There are 3 Sleep Groups altogether.

People in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active at night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists, experimenting with various foods and drinks, discovered that Horlicks alone completely neutralized those excess acid waste products. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

1st SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group stand war strain best. Their sleep restores body, nerves and brain completely. Even with only 5 or 6 hours in bed they are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. Theirs is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks bestows.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

2nd Group people seem to sleep well enough yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. That's because excess acid waste products in the blood *activate* their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly—can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

HORLICKS

at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE GALLIC TOUCH

French Authors in Form This Week

I HAVE read three detective stories this week, two of them by a Frenchman and one by an American lady, and I must say, with more honesty than chivalry, that the French product is infinitely the better. In fact, since the stories are by M. Georges Simenon it may be said that they are in a class by themselves, and almost *hors concours*.

MAIGRET ABROAD (Routledge. 8s.) consists, like most of M. Simenon's books, of two short but complete novels, published in the original French at the rate of one a month, so that French readers of the *roman policier* have been able up to now to buy the current Simenon with the same regularity as they would expect in the case of a magazine, and considerably more profit to themselves.

The little French detective, who always appears a quiet, stodgy and unremarkable man with a prodigious interest in good food and the processes of cooking it, does his sleuthing this time in Holland and Belgium respectively, and with the distant moral support of the Paris Sureté. As usual he gets his man or his woman by the least conspicuous methods.

Maigret's deductions are particularly interesting to follow because they are invariably based, not on the clue of a single golden hair found on the wallpaper, or the bloodstained half of a tram ticket lurking in a hatband, but by clues of character; his contention being that, in the case of murder there are very few people capable of committing it, and that it is the characters of the suspects that will eventually, under his study, reveal the criminal. Not for M. Simenon the obvious "motive" behind a murder since in many cases motives might be ascribed with as much truth to six different people. He chooses the more difficult but infinitely more fascinating course of examining minds and dispositions, and only incidentally, actions. His murderer or his thief is there from the first chapter; he plays no tricks and uses no last-minute red herrings (English authors, please copy), and he finds it unnecessary to over-elaborate his characterisations. The result is a story told with perfect economy and growing, if unsensational excitement.

Miss Elizabeth Daly's UNEXPECTED NIGHT (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is a very different type of thing and belongs to that school of thought which has elected the sea coast of Maine as the most suitable spot for unexplained murders and sudden deaths. What the inhabitants of those summer colonies think of this dramatisation of their peaceful beaches has not yet been revealed. Miss Daly's plot, however, has originality, to compensate for its now familiar setting, and if her method of detection lacks the subtlety of M. Simenon it is still logical and provides thrills.

To a summer resort, with its small hotel, golf course and nearby repertory theatre, playing on a disused fishing jetty, come a rich young man and a band of hangers-on. They arrive on the eve of his twenty-first birthday on which he is to gain full control of his money. He signs the register at the hotel soon after midnight, and is found a few hours later dead and battered at the foot of a cliff.

A visitor to the hotel, on holiday from his unexacting profession of famous-autograph-identifier, takes on the job of amateur detective and successfully solves both this and another crime. Miss Daly has left a loose end or two about, and she is inclined to overcrowd her stage to the bewilderment of the reader, but she has a fresh, natural style and may soon be challenging those of her colleagues who also have an eye to the Maine chance.

Those who remember the exquisite subtleties of *Black Narcissus* will be as eager as I for Miss Rumer Godden's new novel, GYPSY GYPSY (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.). The scene is the Château of St. Lieux in that Norman country which is not French, nor as susceptible to English influence as some imagine, but with an individual character which the author conveys by inference rather than by description.

St. Lieux takes its shape in the story through the nostalgic senses of Henrietta who had spent her childhood there, and would one day inherit it. But not before Aunt Barbe had battled with it.

"Dingle was the gardener she had brought from Cornwall to Normandy because she thought the climates were alike. Perhaps it was because he was English that the garden looked so foreign, thought Henrietta. It did not match the château or St. Lieux; and if Aunt Barbe could replace a native flower with a foreign one she did. People should respect the nature of the place they live in; Aunt Barbe imposed herself on its very air."

Yes, and upon its very life and the life of the countryside, with such imperiousness and calculated wickedness that they all hated her. She tormented everyone; and the arrival of a gypsy and his family upon her domain gave her a further opportunity to play cat and mouse with them, with her household and with the peasants, with a fiendish capriciousness.

Aunt Barbe is as macabre a character as ever escaped from Julian Green, yet at the same time Miss Godden gives to her story a serenity and a beauty which is typical of all her work. The tragedy is poignant and sharp, but the character of Henrietta, supported by the life of the chateau, is so perfectly poised against the mutable wickedness of Aunt Barbe that the balance is never in doubt.

If Miss Rumer Godden has a fault it is that she demands a sensitiveness in her reader that will react sympathetically to what is left unsaid. It may militate against that sudden sweep to popularity which is her due; but it is a quality which she will do well to treasure and to persist with, in spite of the hungry generations of seekers after mediocrity.

Although Jean Giono seldom moves from his beautiful Provençal country, and although his work can be said to be circumscribed by its regional *patois*, he has nevertheless been justly acclaimed as one of the greatest and most significant of European writers to-day. For these and for other reasons his work is not easily translatable; so much of it depends upon the nuances of form and colour.

Therefore his work comes slowly into English, and the discriminating were able to welcome the excellent translation by Henri Fluchère and Geoffrey Myers of *The Song of the World*.

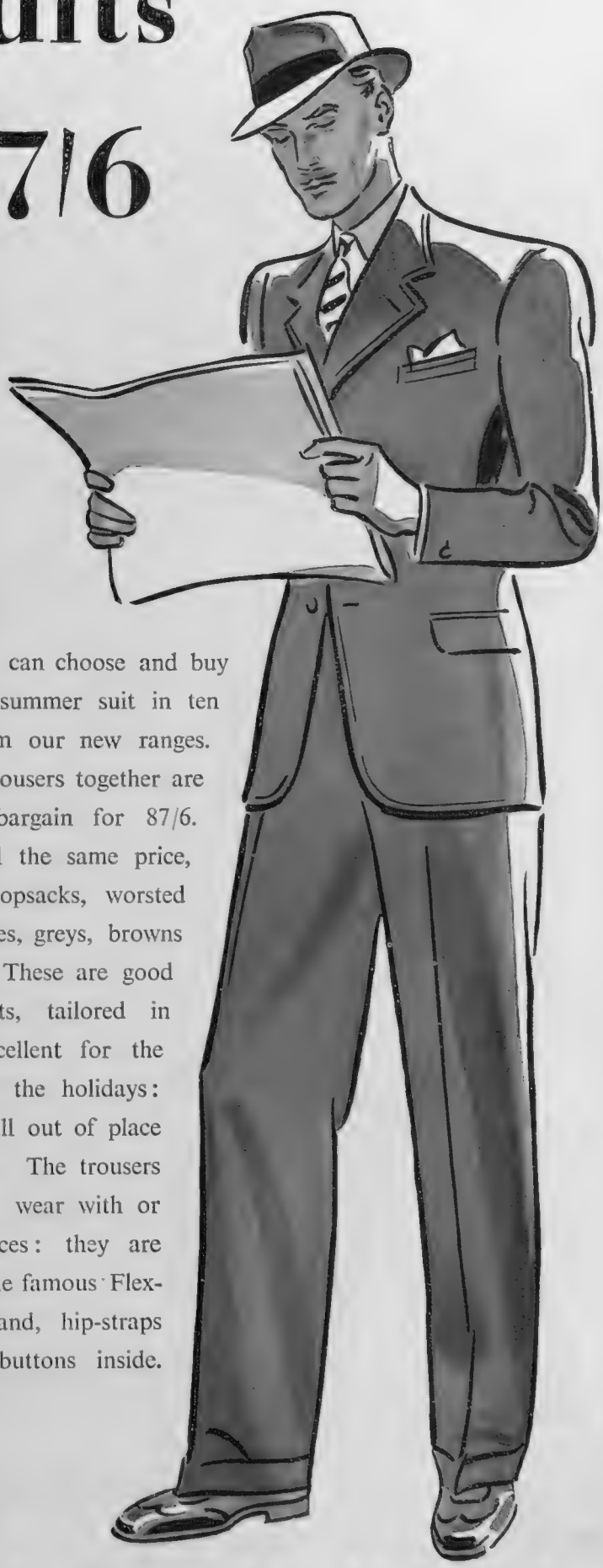
HARVEST (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), the latest of his books to be rendered into English by the same translators, is certainly his most popular work, if not his most profound. In it there is a story with a beginning and an end, the story is the story of a village which men had counted dead, but which grew to life through the urge of the peasant Panturle and the woman Arsule. The story is pregnant with drama, and the real urge of man's spirit and his need to take life from the earth from whence it sprin

Giono does convincingly what D. H. Lawrence was always trying to do and never succeeding. In the course of a short notice it is only possible to point out that Giono's work contains the inextinguishable light of poetry, and is of a significance which cannot be neglected in the world to-day, though, alas, it be only appraised by the very few.

There is no one better qualified to write upon any subject connected with aviation than Mr. C. G. Grey; and it is therefore reasonable that he should turn historian, and write a HISTORY OF THE AIR MINISTRY (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.). Yet those of us who for so many years have enjoyed his vigorous and fearless comments on the development of the Air Arm, and the interrelated problems of civil aviation, may find it surprising that he should have undertaken the role of historian to the Air Ministry, but we may at the same time be grateful that in his hands the record will be presented plainly, cogently and with no sops to existing or to past Cerberuses.

The story begins with the early days of the R.F.C. and R.N.A.S.; and traces the development through the last war, through the difficult days of disarmament to the structure of the junior service we know to-day. Mr. Grey expresses no opinions, but prefers to let the record and those responsible for the record speak for themselves. That does not mean to say that he avoids such implications as led fighting pilots at one time to dub the Hotel Cecil, Bolo House, and to refer to Kingsway captains and Strand subalterns. It is a valuable book, for it puts in its right perspective a fundamental piece of history.

Two-Piece Suits 87/6



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DRIVING A BIG CAR AGAIN

An Almost Forgotten Thrill These War-time Days

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE new Government has produced a new Minister of Transport, Sir John Reith. What he knows about transport matters I cannot guess but I do not suppose he is any more deficient of knowledge on this subject than any of his predecessors. I think we must all agree that he put the B.B.C. on its feet, but he did not stay long enough in the Ministry of Information to show whether as head of an important Government department he is a success in Governmental departments.

I certainly do not anticipate that he will in any way alleviate the burdens which are at present borne by the motoring community. It is always difficult enough for the motor trade and the representatives of car owners to prevent additional taxes being imposed, but it would be little short of a miracle to persuade even a new Minister to agitate for the removal of taxes which have already been in force. Of course, the decision in all such matters is one for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but one must presume that when he wishes to increase or decrease the levy on motorists he consults his colleague in the Ministry of Transport before finally arriving at a decision. The new Chancellor has a reputation derived from his occupation of the office of Postmaster-General some time ago of reducing charges in order to gather in more revenue but with the present international situation I do not think that Sir Kingsley Wood will make our burdens any lighter.

The other week-end I found myself at the wheel of a Bentley car and after having driven almost exclusively my own ultra small car since last October I found myself really enjoying motoring as I did in the days before the war. Baby cars have their advantages but no matter how cleverly they are designed they never handle quite in the same way as does a large one. To float along at speeds above 60 m.p.h. with the engine doing little more than ticking over was an exhilarating experience.

At first I had my awkward moments, for I found myself misjudging my speed, with the result that lorries in front almost appeared to be coming backwards at me. After covering a few miles, however, these difficulties did not recur. Having once become accustomed to the large car I experienced a sense of security which made driving extremely pleasant, and I also found that with a fast safe car like the Bentley much time was saved in getting from one point to another. I can assure those readers of mine who own big cars and who have laid them up that they have a treat in store when the present situation changes and they are able once again to drive them on the road. Driving a baby car definitely makes a motorist a better and more considerate driver than he probably otherwise would be because with a slow moving vehicle being continually passed by other cars one instinctively keeps well to the left, whereas a driver who handles nothing but really large speedy vehicles is inclined to sit more out in the centre of the road, quite forgetting that there may be even faster cars than his coming up behind and wishing to overtake. Certainly, driving this Bentley has made me long for the return of those piping days of peace which at present seem so far away.

A most unusual accident was brought to my notice the other day in which two pedestrians were involved.

MILITARY PRECAUTIONS: Certain strategic roads in Britain have been barricaded and manned by armed guards. Any motorist who is stopped has to establish his bona fides before being allowed to proceed. Suspicious activities would be sure to meet with a hot reception

One of them, the victim, was a relation of mine and she was walking peacefully along the pavement not far from Piccadilly in broad daylight when she was crashed to the ground and rendered unconscious by another pedestrian who dashed out of an alley-way in order to cross the street. Eventually when she had recovered she was assisted home by a policeman and shortly afterwards was ordered by her doctor to go in a nursing home. No bones were broken but quite an appreciable amount of expense was incurred in doctor's bills and nursing home charges.

Had she been bowled over by a car she could have recovered the expense in all probability from the driver, but as the other party was a pedestrian not covered by insurance for third-party risks she has had to meet the bill herself. Whenever a motorist and a pedestrian are concerned in an accident, the former is always blamed, but here was a case where careless walking was apparent. It is really somewhat comforting to realise that accidents can and do happen in which no motorist can be blamed.

The registration book of one of my cars is a duplicate and this came into my possession when I bought the car second-hand. I have not the faintest idea what happened to the original, but I can scarcely believe that a borough or county council issue a duplicate book without satisfying themselves that the first and original has either been destroyed or definitely lost. In the ordinary way a duplicate registration book is of little consequence, but I find under the present conditions that a post office will not issue the normal petrol coupons if a duplicate registration book is offered over the counter. They politely inform me that I must send it up to the council involved and eventually the coupons arrive.

As the duplicate registration book, as I have said, can scarcely have been issued without due investigation, and as it bears the council's stamp each time the quarterly licence fee is paid I cannot understand why the post offices refuse to have anything to do with it. In the early months of the war no difficulties whatever were experienced in obtaining petrol coupons at the local post office.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In these days of war, the Committee of thi Society is constantly having brought bef its notice the kind of stuff of which *Arethu* boys are made. As an example, "Rob" his first experience when the ship he was was bombed and machine-gunned in the No Sea. The voyage to and from Australia was comple safely. After a week ashore, this boy sought the ship agent of this Society, to secure for him another sh only to again experience the ship being machine-gunn this time off the South Coast, and put back damag Now having been repaired, she has sailed again. reporting the incident, the shipping agent's comm is: "Rob is sixteen years old, and is not afraid." V you please send a gift to help some other boy to trained as "Rob" was, bringing out their "cheerfuln their resourcefulness, their courage." All donations v be gratefully acknowledged from the headquarters of Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

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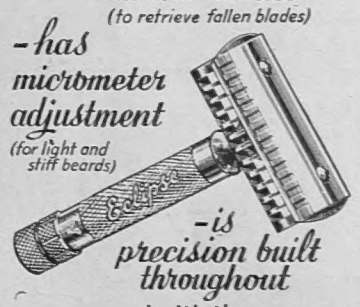

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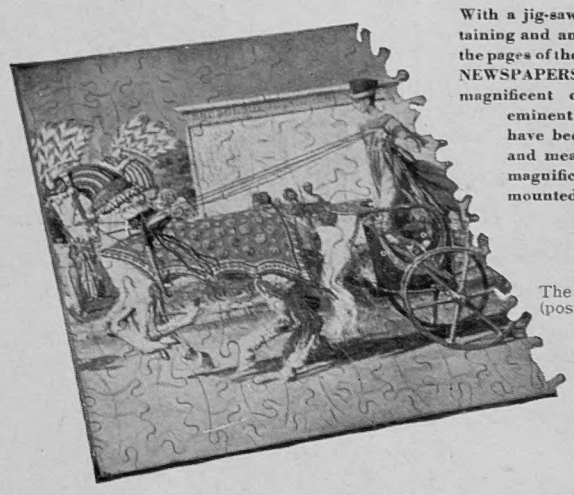

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

TWO factors contributed to my revisiting Weston-super-Mare, and the first arose out of an earlier visit this year, when it was dinned into me by local lights, with an enthusiasm amounting to reverence, that the air of Weston was like wine. There are times in all our lives when through illness, bereavement or just common or garden war depression we feel the need of "air like wine."

Of course we could with benefit betake ourselves to Dr. Brighton, Breezy Blackpool, or Bracing Scarborough, but complete with vintage air there is the ever important factor of change, and it was this, added to factor number one, which brought me to Weston. Actually, there was a third factor. My knowledge of Weston was incomplete. I had stayed, slept seraphically, dined and wined well at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, but still needed first hand knowledge of at least two other hotels in Weston, so that I could say with all the precision of a B.B.C. announcer, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am now taking you over to Weston-super-Mare, where we will present to you the Weston Trio; three hotels to suit three tastes, which occupy three different positions and suit three types of purse. Ladies and gentlemen, the Weston Trio."

I need say little about the Grand Atlantic, Weston's most social hotel, for it was but a few months ago that I wrote of her in these columns. But let me add this postscript to my last mention; I spoke of the advantage of being able to have a grill or *à la carte* menu in place of the *table d'hote*, should you want it. Full marks for the *entrecôte minute*, the fresh spinach cooked in milk, the *sauté* potatoes and the head waiter, who, unlike the elephant who never forgets, knows me not from Adam, but translated me, on this my most recent visit, from the back of the dining room to a window table.

The Grand Atlantic is at the Weston Golf Links end of the town, so if you are a keen golfer, and have a lively inclination towards the ballroom, the cocktail lounge, and all the other attributes of a cheerful four-star hotel, the Grand Atlantic will be my recommendation.

But if your requirements tend towards a first-class hotel where sea views, sun basking, sea-water baths, are the rule of the day and where you can experience an unusual degree of satisfied complacency, I will direct you to the Royal Pier Hotel, at what is considered Weston's more selective end.

So many attractive hotels have ruined their appearance since the war with A.R.P. precautions, that it is a pleasure, on entering the Royal Pier, to find that, thanks to the imagination of someone, attractively fitted tapestry screens are employed in place of the usual funereal boarding. It is the same elsewhere. There is a complete absence of black paper. No dim light to provoke irreligious expressions. Nothing has been done to obscure light by day, yet everything conforms in a practical way to essential precautions after dark. I wish some other hotel proprietors of my knowledge would visit the Royal Pier and collect a few tips.

The whole feeling of the Royal Pier is one of sunlight and spaciousness. The floors, furniture and windows simply shine with "elbow grease" from sunrise to sunset. Old King Sol sheds his benign rays through the vita-glass lounge on to the dining room and into most of the bedrooms, which have an uninterrupted vista of sea and coastline.

If I failed to see more than a few of the bedrooms on the sunny afternoon I looked over the Royal Pier, it was not because the visitors were having a siesta, but that they were using their bedrooms as sitting rooms. Here by day one can use one's bedroom as a grandstand and by night renew life's storage batteries through normal sleep. Some of the bedrooms are en suite with private bathrooms: all in the new wing are fitted for controllable central heating, for electric fires, or both!

Everywhere there has been, as with the tapestry screens, someone thinking ahead for your comfort. The new double room form of bed light, so that one can read, the other sleep. Baths so designed that the corpulent can easily get in—and out. There are sea-water baths, too, for those who enjoy their invigorating and curative powers without the trouble of going down to the sea itself. For sheer, undiluted comfort, I feel that the Royal Pier will take a lot of beating. The en pension terms range from 4½ guineas out of season, from 5½ guineas in season. The garage terms care for the small car owner. They are at 1½d. per h.p. per day with a maximum of 2s.

Finally, before leaving the Royal Pier, which I should add has a worthy reputation for its cooking and cellars, I believe that its comfort and cleanliness and the obvious care paid to detail, is due to the fact that it has been owned and managed by members of the same family for over fifty years, and the present resident managing directors, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. S. Crowe, would have every justification, only that they are so modest, for removing the "e" from their name.

In conclusion I will introduce my third Weston Hotel and half-way house between Weston Golf Links on the one side, and the Kew Stoke woods on the other, and most conveniently situated for the shops, sea and shore. Introduced to me by a SPHERE reader, who recommended it for those whose purses are not bulging (the terms run about 4½ guineas in the winter, 5 guineas in summer), the Grosvenor fulfilled every promise when I visited it.

Colourful bright bedrooms, peaceful views over green lawns with a vista of sea. Comfortable lounges for reading, recreation and relaxation, and, of tremendous importance, the personal touch, under the direction of Mrs. Bowtell, which is so happily expressed that it is a pity that her brochure is so dull and impersonal. But don't let that deter you. The Grosvenor is still worthy of my highest recommendation, for those who prefer an hotel which, though unlicensed for wines, can put you on the track of a reputable wine merchant.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. Tel. 3235/36.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The King's Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Falmouth.—Hydro Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Grassington (Yorks.).—Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lytham (Lancs.)—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Paignton.—Palace Hotel. A.A.
Paignton.—Ravenswood Hotel. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Scarborough.—Royal Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
St. Austell (Cornwall).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Storrington (nr. Pulborough).—Roundabout Htl.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Gairloch (Ross-shire).—Gairloch Hotel.
Glendevon (Perthshire).—Castle Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich (Inverness-shire).—Creaghdhu Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Amlwch (Anglesey).—Bull Bay Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—G.N.R. Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—G.N.R. Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—G.N.R. Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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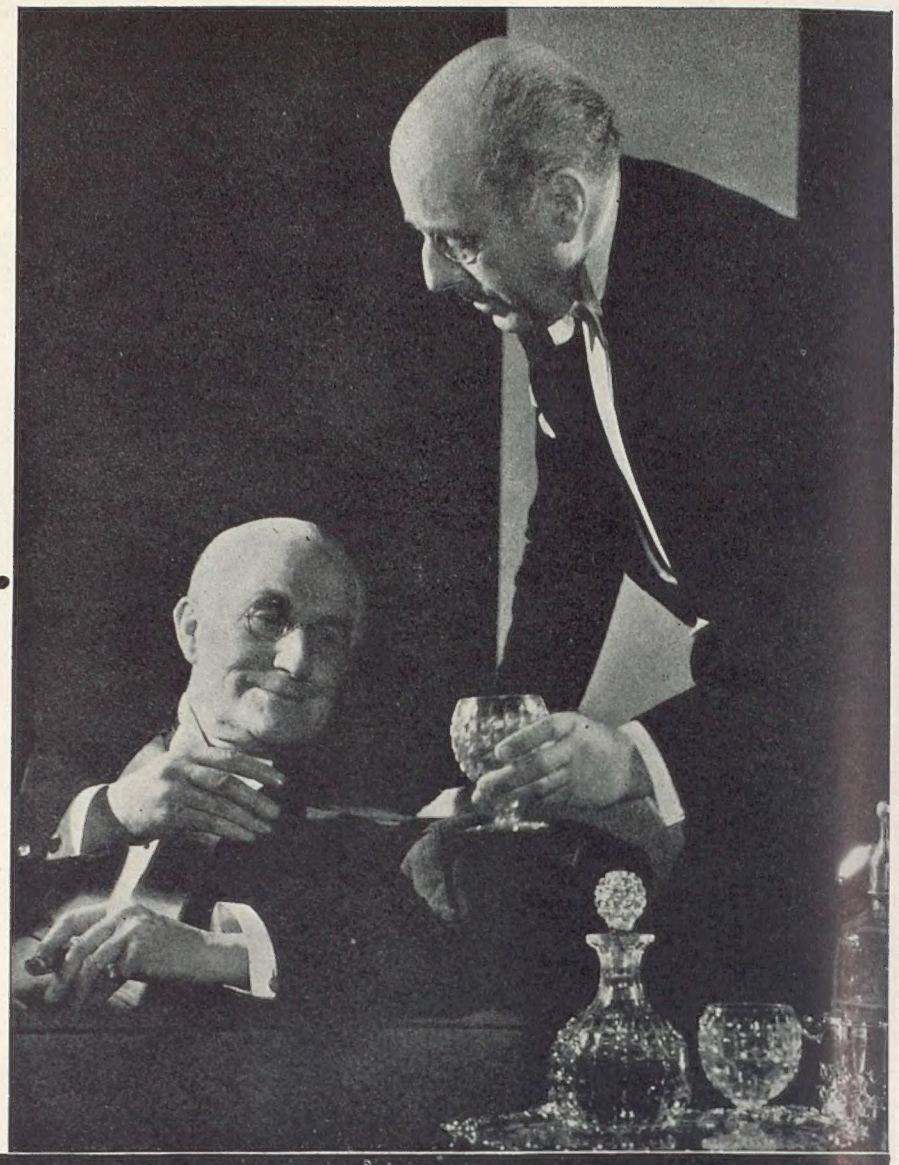

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